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THE CLASSIC READERS

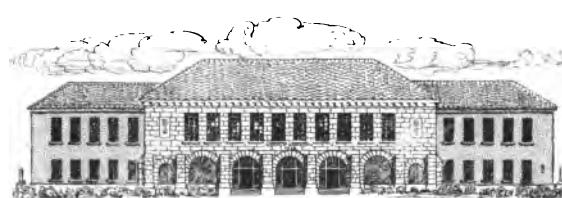
# BOOK IV

## PART ONE

SARAH E. SPRAGUE



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The  
**Sprague Classic Readers**

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**BOOK FOUR**

**PART ONE**

BY  
**SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Ph. D.**

The law of childhood is life; everything lives  
for children.

— Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

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**Educational Publishing Company**

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## FOREWORD.

The author of the SPRAGUE CLASSIC READERS understands children intimately. She has touched very closely the lives of many of them, in their plays and games, and in their work in the school-room. She knows their ways,—what they like, what bores them, what exerts a happy influence upon them. She can take the child's point of view; and she can, also, take the adult's point of view in planning wisely for the child's welfare.

This familiarity with child-life has, in my judgment, enabled the author to make an excellent series of readers. The selections interest the child for whom they are designed; and this is the most important consideration in a reading book. The "art of arts" is easily acquired when the child uses it in gaining something he enjoys; but it is drudgery when it adds little or nothing to his pleasure. Myth, fairy tale, and fable, biography, history, nature study, the events of daily life,—all have been searched over and the most attractive and the best culled out for young readers.

The selections in this book deal with a variety of situations and experiences which come very close to all children. And they all point upward and forward. They take the child in the sphere of life in which he normally lives, and show him an ideal sort of conduct. They do not *tell* him how to behave; they *suggest* good behavior by presenting concrete examples of it. If we can present to the young in literature, as well as in real life, persons, as well as animals, they are genuinely fond of, conducting themselves in kindly, courteous, brave, honest, and considerate ways,—we shall do the most that can be done for their moral and social training. I feel that the author has succeeded in doing this very effectively in this book.

The selections are in a style well adapted to childhood. I have observed nothing dull or labored or pedantic anywhere. Nor is this book afflicted with a serious malady very common in children's reading books—adultitis (begging pardon for the term). It is a book *for* children; not one simply imposed upon them by some grown-up wishing to teach them reading through so-called ethical selections wholly outside of the child's interest and comprehension. In short, this book is filled with life and interest of the best sort.

M. V. O'SHEA.

*University of Wisconsin.*

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## PREFACE.

IN GENERAL. The pupil having overcome the chief mechanical difficulties of learning to read, and having acquired a fairly good working vocabulary, is now prepared to read, with a reasonable degree of fluency and pleasure, whatever gains his attention and holds his interest. That his newly-acquired power may not prove a doubtful blessing, a taste for the *best* in literature must be aroused and sustained until it becomes a fixed habit, reading being the chief residuum of school efforts, continuing as an active power for good or ill during the entire life of each individual.

Moreover, these days produce numberless books for boys and girls, among which, fortunately, are many that are healthy and wholesome, besides being delightfully attractive in content and style. Ours, then, the additional privilege to train the selective judgment of the child until he is able and anxious to choose for himself books wherein intrinsic thought value is coupled with a refined literary style, turning away from all others. With these ends before us, and to tide the child successfully over this critical epoch in his experiences, the utmost care has been given to the selection and adjustment of the material used in this volume.

SCOPE. The child is led beyond his own personal experiences and given glimpses of a wider and deeper literature, through interesting anecdotes, narratives, and poems carefully culled from the broad fields of legendary lore, history, and biography. Life is shown to be broader and deeper, but it is still the *active* rather than the *reflective* side which is presented, being better suited to the child's age and development, and giving the teacher a better chance to secure natural, animated expression.

GRADING. The close grading for mere words is a less prominent feature than in Books I., II., and III., new words being intro-

duced more freely, and the sentences lengthened to express more sustained thought and to secure a greater smoothness of style. However, unusual words are introduced carefully, and repetitions of such are frequent. Hence, the child will have *no difficulty* in passing from Book III. to the present volume.

METHODS. The teacher needs to keep well in mind the suggestions given under this head in the three preceding books of the series. In addition to what has been previously urged, we would advise that every geographical term be fully explained and maps freely used in locating all geographical features alluded to. Additional light should, also, be thrown upon the text by readings, quotations, pictorial illustrations, etc., bearing upon the topics given, and closely related to the text.

PHONICS AND DIACRITICAL MARKS. This work, in the present grade, should follow the same plan as in Book III. Increase difficulties slowly, go thoroughly, study individual needs, give private drills for especially defective speech, secure *accuracy* in marking words and in the *interpretation* of the diacritical marks. All this must be accomplished before the child can use the dictionary intelligently and without a great waste of time. *Persistent, brief, daily drill with many variations must be kept up*, and the pupil gradually taught to use the dictionary properly.

BUSY WORK. Keep in harmony with the various subjects taught in this grade. Follow course of study for required work in this line. Impart additional zest by some novelties like the school garden or beautifying school grounds; also, by preparing gifts for Christmas or birthdays, and other forms of handwork.

EXPLANATORY NOTES. Literary excellence, character building, and the training of the child's sense of beauty have been kept constantly uppermost in the preparation of this volume—in a word, *culture* along all desirable lines is the basis of the book,

## PAGE REFERENCES.

P. 27. Jonathan Swift was a British author who was born in 1667 and died in 1745. Have pupils find the vowels.

P. 37. Be sure that the pupils understand that the riddle means a day having twenty-four hours, each hour sixty minutes, and each minute sixty seconds, twelve of the hours representing daylight, and twelve representing night time.

P. 55. This selection is from "Soul Culture," published by the Educational Publishing Company.

P. 105. This is a current legend, but we suspect that the warning cry referred to in the last paragraph is more often given by the blue jay than by the true bluebird.

P. 111. See "Notes" in back of book for pronunciation and explanation of names. Be sure that the pupils understand that this legend means the awakening of spring from its long winter sleep.

Turn to the "Notes," also, for aid when taking up the various biographical sketches.

P. 131. This story should serve to introduce the pupils to a long line of related stories based upon the Trojan war and the wanderings of Ulysses.

P. 177. This is, also, a purely classical story, freely illustrated with the best classical cuts. Show the pupils the relation between this and "The Return of Ulysses"; also, by inference, let them see what far-reaching effects may follow causes apparently slight and trivial.

We should make the same use  
of a book that a bee does of a flower.  
He gathers sweets from it, but does  
not injure it.

—Colton

## A LIBRARY STORY.



JOHNNY-BOY.

## PART I.

On a very warm summer day, not long ago, a strange thing happened. It was stranger than most strange things ; and it happened in the great Public Library.

A library book began to talk to a little boy who held it in his lap. This was not so very strange, for all books talk in certain ways.

Some books talk about boys and girls; the homes they live in; the clothes they wear; the food they eat; the books they like to read, and the games they like to play.

Some talk of dogs and cats; of rabbits and squirrels; of moles and mice and rats; of wasps and flies and bees—and many other things like these.

Some talk about robins and bluebirds; of jays and crows and snowbirds; of mocking birds, larks and wrens; of woodpeckers and quails—of all sorts of birds, large and small.

Some books talk about the flowers of the woods and the fields; about those that grace the beautiful parks, or the florist's windows, in our great cities; about the royal rose that nestles among the shadows of my lady's tresses.

Other books tell us of the great oceans, and of ships that ride upon the waves. Other books, still, tell us about strange people and strange things to be seen in the lands far over the seas.

But this one book did not talk of any of these things to Johnny-Boy. Did I tell you that it was our bright-eyed Johnny-Boy who held the book that day in the Public Library?

Well, by and by, the book began to talk, and Johnny-Boy began to smile. He smiled because the book had such a queer little voice. It was a fine, near-to voice, with a far-away sound in it.

"Just exactly like a far-away telephone voice," thought Johnny-Boy. "I wonder what it is going to say." Then he bent over the book and listened.

#### PART II.

Strange as it may seem, this book talked of itself and told its troubles to Johnny-Boy. And this is what the book said :

"My name is Robinson Crusoe. I have a cosy home on a shelf, here, in this fine library, and many boys and girls come to visit me. Sometimes they sit down here to read, as you did to-day; but more often I go with them to their own homes, to stay for a week or two.

"Well, Johnny-Boy, I have a nice new coat. It

was not ‘made from the coat of an old Nanny-Goat,’ like the one that the first Robinson Crusoe had.

“ You can find out how this coat was made by asking the right people; or the right book will tell you all about it.

“ I like this nice coat — you call it my binding — and I thought I’d talk to you about it. You look like a nice boy who is good to books.

“ There are a good many boys — and girls, too — who are not good to books. They are bad to us because they do not think.

“ As I told you before, I often go home with the boys and girls, to stay for a few days. Some of these visits are very pleasant, for every child in the family handles me as carefully as if I were made of gold.

“ Book troubles do not begin in such homes, but in families where there are careless, unthinking children. They handle us with dirty hands, and get us dirty. Then we are so ashamed when a nice clean child takes us !

“ They leave us, sometimes, out on the grass all night. Then the rain or the dew wets us through and through. And, oh, how we look in the morning !



ABSORBED IN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

*R. Collingson.*

"Some mark on us with a pencil or pen, and our good looks are gone forever and forever! Some children lean on us and give us 'dog's ears'; and some eat bread and butter while reading us, and others leave us with candy or gum sticking our leaves fast together! Think of it!

"Then there are some children who bend us open till our backs nearly break; and some open us wide and lay us flat down on the table. How these things hurt!

"And there are some children — and men and

women, too — who turn our leaves with wet thumbs, and leave dirty marks on our pages. Oh, a book has many, many troubles, Johnny-Boy!"

The little near-to, far-away, telephone sort of voice had been sounding fainter and fainter in Johnny-Boy's ears, and now it stopped altogether, and without saying "Good bye."

### PART III.

A man who sat in the next chair to Johnny-Boy, smiled to see a boy's brown head nodding just as if its owner had gone to sleep.

And that man really thought our Johnny-Boy was dreaming in the great Public Library that very warm day!

Dream or no dream, I am sure that Johnny-Boy heard all that the book said of its many troubles, caused by careless people, both great and small.

At all events, he brought Robinson Crusoe home with him, and told me the whole story, just as he had heard it while sitting there in the Public Library.

Then Johnny-Boy and I talked things over

together, as we always do when troubles of any sort come up and need to be settled.

At the end of our talk, we decided that it would be much better for all concerned, if every one would treat books just as if they really had feelings that might be hurt by careless handling.

We, also, felt certain that if children—and grown people, too—would always think, books would have no such troubles to talk about.

And, after all, when there are so many pleasant things in the world, it seems a pity for even a book to talk about troubles. Don't you think so?

Talk of all things glad and beautiful,  
All things fine and true;  
Make the earth a better living-place,  
Just because of you !



## A BOY'S SONG.



Where the pools are bright and deep,  
 Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
 Up the river and o'er the lea,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest;  
 There to trace the homeward bee,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg (*The Ettrick Shepherd*).

## WHAT TWO ORIOLES DID.



## A TRUE STORY.

Do you want to know just the brightest thing that ever two little birds did? Let me tell you—because it's true!

The birds were beautiful orioles, and you know the curious, pretty nests the orioles make, swinging like a soft, gray, silken bag from the high branch of some elm tree.

Just three springs ago, the orioles came to the grand old elm tree that shaded the porch of a quiet farm house. They picked out the very branch they wanted, and then they hunted for material of which to build their pretty home.

They flew about, chirping and calling, and busily gathering stray threads and moss—when—oh, joy! What was that beautiful, long, white, silky stuff on the porch just under their elm tree home?

They flew down very cautiously. They flitted this way and that. Dare they take some of it for their airy home? One more peep—yes—Grandpa was sound asleep. There was no doubt about it. But how should orioles know that the long, white silky threads were whiskers and belonged to him?

They ventured nearer. They pulled one hair. They grew bolder, and pulled another. Two long, beautiful, silky threads for their nest! They flew off to the tree and then back for more. Grandpa still slept.

The little rogues were having such a good time, when Aunt Lucy happened to spy them, and

laughed aloud. This, of course, frightened the birds, and Grandpa awoke.

Aunt Lucy was so delighted at what the courageous little orioles had done, that she determined they should have all the pretty threads of hair they wanted.

Accordingly, that very afternoon, she took some of Mary's golden locks, a few more of Grandpa's white ones, and some of her own glossy, black locks, and spread them on a bright cloth on the porch. Then she warned the family to keep very quiet and see what happened.

In less than an hour, the orioles had taken every hair and carried it to their tree. Before many days, the pretty nest was done, and the birds were enjoying their new home.

In the fall, after the orioles had left their elm tree home, Aunt Lucy had some one climb the tree and get the nest. And there, so curiously woven into the lining, were the soft white, golden, and black hairs.

Do you wonder that Aunt Lucy keeps the nest, and counts it as one of her greatest treasures?

— Bertha E. White

## INDIAN MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,  
 The stars come into the sky,  
 The whip-poor-will's crying, the daylight  
     is dying,  
 The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,  
 The squirrel has gone to his nest,  
 The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's  
     keeping  
 The little ones warm with her breast.

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,  
 His mate lies asleep at his side,  
 The breezes are pining, the moonbeams  
     are shining  
 All over the prairie so wide.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,  
 You sail on the river of dreams ;  
 Dear Manitou loves you, and watches above you  
 Till time when the morning light gleams.

— *Charles Myall.*

## APPLESEED JOHN.



Many years ago, in the farm lands of Ohio, there lived an old man by the name of John. He had worked so hard all his life that his back was sadly bent. But his heart was kind, and his greatest desire was to do some good in the world.

"What can I do to help others? It takes a great deal of money to do much good, and I am so poor that I can scarcely buy food for myself," he said.

Poor John used to sit and study about this for hours at a time. At last he said, "I know what I can do!" His face was radiant with happiness, but he told no one his plan.

When his master paid him that week, John used most of the money to buy apples. Whenever

he ate an apple, he put the core into a bag, and when the bag was full, he threw it over his shoulder, and wandered away through the country.

Now and then, he would pause, take a core from his bag, and drop it into a hole which he made with his cane in the soft, rich soil. Then he would go on, leaving the seeds to the care of the sun and the rain. People who saw him pass with his bag often wondered what he carried in it. "He looks so happy, it must be something nice," the boys said. "Let's follow, and see what he does," said one.

Soon they came to a sunny hillside. Here old John untied his bag, and planted several apple cores. The boys looked on in surprise. After that they always called him "Appleseed John."

When the cores were all gone, he trudged away to the city to work for more apples. When he again had a bag full of cores, he again wandered across the country, and began to plant his seed cores as before.

In those days, there were many Indians all over the country, and they often met John and talked with him. When they saw what he did with the cores, they thought him very silly, and said, "Apple-

seed John will be dead many, many moons before those seeds will bear fruit." They did not know that it was for the people who would live after him that old John planted the apple seeds.

The little seeds took root, and tiny twigs came up; and, after many years, there stood in the woods and meadows many apple trees. In the spring, their branches were white with the fragrant blossoms. How the birds and the bees loved them!

How the children loved to play under their spreading branches! They liked to catch the white petals as they fell. When tired, hungry travelers came that way, they often stopped to rest in the shade of John's trees; and, as they ate the good, juicy fruit, they wondered how apple trees came to grow there.

But the boys and girls who filled their caps and aprons with the rosy apples knew. "Dear old Appleseed John!" they would say at such times. And sometimes, instead of throwing away the cores, they would plant them as John had done. People say that this is one way by which Ohio became famous as an apple growing state.



GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

### GENERAL GRANT'S KINDNESS TO HORSES.

An army was marching along the muddy roads in Virginia. The men wore blue coats, and carried knapsacks. Most of them looked tired and cold. Behind the marching soldiers came a train of wagons that carried the food for the soldiers' suppers.

The horses that drew the heavy wagons looked as tired as the men. Nearly all of the drivers were very kind to their horses. They kept a sharp eye on the road to see which side of it was the better, and in all ways made it as easy for the animals as they could.

But one team had a cross driver. He scolded the horses, pulled hard on the lines, and often used a whip. Presently he came to a swampy place in the road, and his team could not pull the wagon through it. He became very angry and beat them brutally with the butt end of his great whip, abusing them all the time with bad words.

He was so excited that he did not see General Grant come riding up on his fine black horse. He did not even know the General was there until he

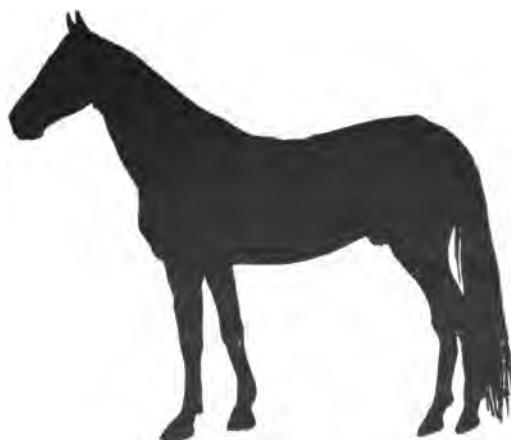
heard him call out, "You scoundrel! stop beating those horses!"

The whip fell from the teamster's hand to the ground. He was very much frightened, and, of course, did not say a word.

The General gave a signal to one of his officers, who rode forward and saluted. "Send another man to drive this team," said General Grant, "and have this fellow tied up to a tree for six hours as a punishment for his brutality."

"The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

— *Emma M. C. Greenleaf.*



## THE FAIRY SISTERS.



There was once a little maiden,  
And she had a mirror bright;  
It was rimmed about with silver;  
'Twas her pride and her delight;

But she found two fairy sisters  
Lived within this pretty glass,  
And very different faces showed,  
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,  
Why, it was sure to be  
The smiling sister who looked out  
Her happy face to see;  
But if everything went criss-cross,  
And she wore a frown or pout,  
Alas! alas! within the glass,  
The frowning one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much  
The smiling face to see,  
That she resolved with all her heart  
A happy child to be.  
To grow more sweet and loving,  
She tried with might and main,  
Till the frowning sister went away,  
And ne'er came back again.

But if she's looking for a home  
 As doubtless is the case,  
 She'll try to find a little girl  
 Who has a gloomy face;  
 So be very, very careful,  
 If you own a mirror, too,  
 That the frowning sister doesn't come  
 And make her home with you!

— *Helen Standish Perkins.*

---

#### NAME THE FIVE.\*

We are little airy creatures,  
 All of different voice and features;  
 One of us in glass is set,  
 One of us you'll find in jet.  
 T'other you may see in tin,  
 And the fourth a box within.  
 If the fifth you should pursue,  
 It can never fly from you.

— *Jonathan Swift.*  
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\* See preface.

## GREEDY BRUIN.

Away above the great falls, beside the Niagara river, there once lived a bear that was very fond of fish.

One day he went down to the river to fish, and it was not long before the breeze brought a fine, fishy odor to his nostrils.

“Grim-gram!” said the bear, smacking his lips; “that must be salmon.” A fine salmon, too, it was, as the bear found when he caught it. Then Bruin, for that was the bear’s name, had as fine a fish dinner as ever he had in his life.

At first, he thought of taking a part of the salmon home to his wife, but he was so greedy that he soon had it all eaten except the head and the tail.

Then he began to mumble to himself: “So! ho! Mrs. Bruin won’t thank me for the head, and it is hardly worth while offering her the tail. So! ho! I’ll eat it all.” And he did.

Now, after a good dinner, a bear likes a good rest. This bear did. As he lay down to rest, one could hear him singing softly to himself.

What he sang was: "A beautiful river! A beautiful fish! Beautiful river! Beautiful fish! Beau-ti-ful!—Beau-ti-ful!" But had you been there, you might have thought it was only a big, drowsy bumble-bee that you heard.

He soon fell asleep, but how long he slept, I do not know. At length he opened his eyes. "Dear me, I must have been dozing," he said. "Now I must hurry home. What will Mrs. Bruin say?"

Oh, horror! He found himself in the middle of the river. He had fallen asleep on a great pile of brushwood and it had drifted off into the stream while he slept. He was afloat a long, long way from shore.

Bruin did not sing "Beautiful river! Beautiful fish!" now. Yet he growled to himself: "A sail down stream is not a bad thing once in a while. This is very pleasant. I'm sure to get safely to land again!"

Bruin knew nothing about rapids, nor about waterfalls and cataracts. He had never been to school and wasn't much of a scholar.

The river soon became very swift. A noise like

distant thunder sounded in his ears. He began to be afraid. "Grew, grew!" he growled to himself. "What can I do? Home seems a long way off. I wish I had taken a part of that salmon to my wife!"

But, see! He may be saved yet! As he was passing a village, a man saw him and rowed out in a boat to bring him to land:

"Will you kindly get into my boat?" said the man. "I can easily row you to the shore."

"Thank you," said the bear, and, with the man's help, stepped into the boat.

What a bad heart that bear had! No sooner did the man put out his hand, to take the oars, than an evil thought came into Bruin's head.

"Oh, yes! the rascal has me in his boat and now he means to kill me with those long poles. Not if I know it, sir! Grow-ow-ow-ow!"

The man shrank back in terror. They were drifting rapidly down stream, and soon would be among the rapids above the great cataract. The man tried again to take the oars, but again Bruin growled. "Grow-ow-ow! Touch those poles if

you dare! I don't care for all the thundering cataracts in the world. Leave those poles alone!"

What could the poor boatman do? The boat dashed on, faster and faster, towards the edge of the falls. But in the boat was the angry, growling bear!

At length, the boat was carried over the brink with the rushing water. Down went bear and boatman into the boiling gulf below.

The unfortunate boatman was never seen again. The body of Bruin, however, was found a long way down the river. And after all his growling, it was sold for bear's grease.

Greedy, ungrateful Bruin! He will never sing "Beautiful river! Beautiful fish!" again. Nor will he eat all the salmon!

—*Selected.*





*Lioness.*

THE LION.

### THE LION AND THE FOX.

For many years, a strong, savage lion roamed about the country, the terror of all the smaller animals.

But, at last, he grew old and feeble, and could no longer roam through the forests and over the plains in search of game.

One day, he lay in his den, considering what to do. He was hungry, and must soon have food, or die.

At length, he resolved to get by cunning what he could no longer get by force. Accordingly, he lay down in the doorway of his den and waited.

It was not long before he saw a rabbit about to pass his door. Then the wily old lion put on a smile and greeted the rabbit pleasantly.

"Good morning, little friend!" said he. "Do not hurry by; why not come in and chat a little with me?"

The simple rabbit thanked the lion politely and went into the den. But he did not come out again.

Once more, the lion lay by his door and waited. This time a young, but well-grown dog came trotting along, his nose to the ground.

"Good morning, my friend," said the old lion.  
"Why be in such haste? What are you looking for?"

"I was following a rabbit," said the dog, stopping a moment near the door. "If I loiter here, he will get too far away."

"Oh, is that all?" laughed the lion. "If you are following that rabbit, this is the very place for you. The rabbit stopped here to rest a little. Just go over to that corner inside and see what you will find!"

So the dog went into the den. But he did not come out to tell what he found.

A third time, the lion lay down by his door. Soon he saw a fox, and hailed him joyfully.

"Well met, well met, Mr. Fox," said he. "You have no idea how glad I am to see you. Now that I am too old and feeble to get about as I used to do, the days seem long and the loneliness hard to bear. Come in, my friend, come in; you are more than welcome!"

The fox was old and wise; so he thanked the lion courteously, but declined the invitation. "You really must pardon me for refusing such an honor,"

said he to the lion ; "but important business bids me hasten." And this excuse he pleaded as often as the lion urged him to come in.

Now, as every one knows, foxes have very sharp sight and a very keen sense of smell ; and this fox was no exception to the rule. He, at once, detected the recent tracks about the door, and was well aware that a dog and a rabbit had entered the den not long before his own arrival.

But neither face nor voice betrayed his discovery to the lion. In fact, nothing could exceed the polite deference of his manner, with no trace of fear mingled therewith.

All this time, however, though the fox was smiling and bowing in the politest way imaginable, with each bow he backed a step farther from the still hungry lion.

At length, being then at a perfectly safe distance, he called back : " I see many tracks leading into your den, but I fail to see any tracks leading out. That has an ugly look. Good morning, Mr. Lion. Business presses."

And the fox was off like a shot !

## WASHINGTON'S FIRST LETTER.

" Dear Dickey: I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read him how the tame elephant took care of the Master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his Master's little son.

" I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero, if uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero.

" I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

" G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.  
 And likes his book full well,  
 Henceforth will count him his friend,  
 And hopes many happy days he may spend.  
 Your good friend,  
 George Washington.

" I am going to get a whip-top soon and you may see it and whip it."

## THE DAY'S RIDDLE.\*



Every day, of all the years,  
Brings this gift to you, my dears ;  
Four and twenty blossoms rare —  
Be the weather foul or fair ;  
Twelve of these are snowy white,  
Blooming in the sunshine bright ;  
Twelve are dark and curl up tight  
All the day, but bloom at night.  
Sixty petals, to the sun,

\* See preface.

Turns each blossom, one by one ;  
And each petal, sixty more ;  
So, within the twenty-four,  
Sixty sixties to each flower  
Bloom afresh with every hour !  
Small are these and soon are flown,  
Gone almost before they're blown !  
If you frown, or pout, or scold,  
While these petals fast unfold,  
They will bitter, bitter turn  
As you'll surely some day learn ;  
But, give smiles and tender care  
To these blossoms — dark and fair —  
And you'll find each petal small  
Full of sweetness — one and all.  
Can you name the blossoms white ?  
And the ones which bloom at night ?  
Which unfold in broad daylight ?  
Which by day keep curled up tight ?  
Tell me why the petals small  
(This is stranger far than all !)  
Poison are or honey-sweet  
Just as you those petals meet.

## LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES.

### PART I.

A great, great while ago, there was a woman with three daughters. The first was called Little One Eye, because she had but one eye, and that was in the middle of her forehead.

The second was called Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes, just like other people. The third was called Little Three Eyes. She had two eyes like other people, and a third eye in the middle of her forehead.

Because Little Two Eyes looked like other people, her mother and sisters disliked her, and were very cruel to her.

She had only shabby, old clothes to wear, and no food except what the others left. They also made her take all the care of their one goat.

One day Little Two Eyes was sent into the fields to watch the goat. She was so hungry and unhappy that she sat down and began to cry. The tears fell from her eyes in streams.

All at once, an old woman stood by her side

and asked: "Little Two Eyes, what is the matter? Why are you crying here?"

Then Little Two Eyes told her how the mother and sisters disliked her because she looked just like other people; about the scanty food, and the shabby, old clothes. "Have I not need to cry?" said she.



Then the wise old woman said: "Little Two Eyes, shed no more tears, and I will tell you what to do. Only say to your goat, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and a neat little table will stand before you, covered with good food."

"When the table comes," said the old woman, "eat as much as you like. Then you must say, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away;' and it will be gone."

At this, the old woman vanished, and Little Two Eyes thought, "I must try at once, for I am too hungry to wait." So she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise."

In a twinkling, there stood before her a little table covered with a white cloth. On it were a plate, knife, and fork, and a silver spoon. The plate held the nicest food, smoking hot.

When Little Two Eyes had had enough, she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away;" and in an instant, the table was gone.

Little Two Eyes laughed and clapped her hands, thinking what a fine way to live she had found.

At night, Little Two Eyes drove the goat home. She found some food left by her sisters; but she did not eat it, for she did not need it.

The next day, she went out with her goat; but she did not take the crusts that had been left for her. This went on for three or four days.

At last, her sisters said, "What is the matter with Little Two Eyes? She leaves all her food now. She used to eat all we gave her. Something is wrong."

They meant to find out what she did. So, the next day, Little One Eye said, "I will go with you and see that the goat is well taken care of."

Little Two Eyes understood what it meant, and drove the goat into the long grass. Then she said, "Come, Little One Eye; let us sit down, and I will sing to you."

So they sat down, and Little Two Eyes began to sing, "Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye? Are you awake? Are you asleep? Awake? Asleep?"

By this time, Little One Eye was fast asleep. Then Little Two Eyes said, softly, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise."

The little table came, as before, and she ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away;" and, in a moment, all was gone.

Little Two Eyes now called to Little One Eye, "Why do you not watch, Little One Eye? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run to the end of the world. Come, let us go home."

Home they went ; and again Little Two Eyes did not touch the food there.

The others asked Little One Eye what had happened in the field ; but all she could say was that she fell asleep, and did not see.

#### PART II.

The next day, the mother sent Little Three Eyes along, to see if any one brought food and drink to Little Two Eyes.

But Little Two Eyes understood what it meant, and drove the goat into the long grass, as before. Then she said, "Come, Little Three Eyes ; let us sit down, and I will sing to you."

Little Three Eyes was tired, and glad to sit down. Then Little Two Eyes began to sing, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes ? Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes ?"

She did not notice the mistake in her song. Nor did she notice that the eye in the middle of her sister's forehead did not go to sleep, for Little Three Eyes closed it, and pretended to be fast asleep.

When Little Two Eyes thought Little Three Eyes was asleep, she softly said, "Little goat, bleat ;

little table, rise." When she had eaten enough, she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away," the same as before.



Little Three Eyes had seen everything with the eye in the middle of her forehead; but she said nothing, and pretended to be asleep, till Little Two Eyes called, "Little Three Eyes, why do you not watch? You have been asleep, and the goat might have run to the end of the world. Come; let us go home."

Home they went; but Little Two Eyes did not taste the food in the dishes there.

Then Little Three Eyes said to her mother, "I know why the prud thing does not eat. She says, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and there stands

a table before her. It is covered with the very best things to eat and drink — much better than we have. When she has had enough, she says, ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, away,’ and all is gone.

“I have seen it just as it is. She sang two of my eyes to sleep; but the one in my forehead was awake all the time.”

Then the mother was very angry, and killed the poor goat with a long, sharp knife.

When Little Two Eyes saw that her goat was dead, she was more unhappy than ever. She ran off to the field, and cried as if her heart would break.

All at once, the wise old woman stood again at her side, and asked, “Little Two Eyes, what is the matter? Why are you crying here?”

Then Little Two Eyes told all the sad story of the angry mother killing the goat. “Now, I must suffer hunger and thirst again,” said she. “Have I not need to cry?”

Then the wise old woman said, “Little Two Eyes, shed no more tears, and I will tell you what to do. Beg your sisters to give you the heart of the

goat. Then bury it in the ground before the door of the house. All will go well with you."

At this, the old woman vanished, and Little Two Eyes went home, and said to her sisters, "I beg you to give me some part of my goat. I do not ask for anything but the heart."

The sisters laughed, but said, "You may have that, if you do not ask for anything else." Then Little Two Eyes took the heart, and buried it in the ground before the house.

The next morning, they all saw a splendid tree in front of the house. It had leaves of silver, and fruit of gold. How could such a wonderful tree have come there in one night? Only Little Two Eyes saw that it had grown out of the heart of the goat.

The mother said to Little One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and pluck some fruit from the tree;" and Little One Eye climbed the tree.

She put out her hand to pluck a golden apple; but the branch sprang back. This happened every time. Try as hard as she could, not a single apple could she get.

Then the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, do

you climb up. You can see better with your three eyes than Little One Eye can."

Down came Little One Eye, and Little Three Eyes climbed the tree. But she had no better luck than Little One Eye. The branch sprang back every time she put out her hand for an apple.

At last, the mother tried; but her luck was the same. She could not get a single apple. Then Little Two Eyes said, "Let me try."

"You!" they all said. "You, with your two eyes, just like other people! What can you do?"

But Little Two Eyes climbed the tree, and the golden apples dropped into her hands. She brought down her apron full of the wonderful fruit.

This made her mother and sisters so angry that they took away all the golden apples, and were more cruel than ever to poor Little Two Eyes.

### PART III.

While they all stood around the wonderful tree, they saw the Prince riding towards them on a fine horse.

"Quick, Little Two Eyes, quick!" said her sisters. "Get under this cask; we are ashamed of

you." Then they threw an empty cask over her, and pushed the golden apples under it.

The Prince rode up, and looked long at the tree. "Is this splendid tree yours?" he asked, of the two sisters. "If you will give me a branch, I will grant you anything you ask of me."

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes said the tree was theirs, and tried to break off a branch for the Prince. But the branches sprang back every time they put out their hands.

"This is very strange," said the Prince. "The tree is yours, but you cannot pluck the fruit, nor break a branch for me."

While they were still saying that the tree was theirs, Little Two Eyes rolled a few of the golden apples out from under the cask.

The Prince saw them, and asked, at once, "Where did these apples come from? Who is under that cask?"

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes told the Prince that they had a sister, who would not show herself, because she had two eyes, just like other people.

Then the Prince called, very kindly, "Come out, Little Two Eyes, come out!"

Little Two Eyes heard him, and very gladly crept out from under the cask, and stood before the Prince.



"Can you get me a branch from the tree?" said he.

"Yes," said Little Two Eyes, "I can; for the tree belongs to me, alone."

Then she climbed the tree, and broke off a branch. It had silver leaves and golden fruit. This she gave to the Prince.

"What shall I give you, Little Two Eyes, for this splendid branch?" said he, looking at the shabby clothes she wore.

"Oh," said Little Two Eyes, "take me away from here! I suffer hunger and thirst all day long, and I get nothing but cross words from morning till night. Take me with you, and I shall be happy."

The good Prince pitied Little Two Eyes, and lifted her upon his horse, and rode away with her.

He took her to the King's palace, and made her Princess. You may be sure she had plenty to eat and to drink and to wear. Best of all, the Prince loved her, and there were no more cross words for her to hear.

When Little Two Eyes rode away with the Prince, the sisters said, "At all events, we shall have the tree. She could not take that with her." But the next morning the tree was gone!

Years after, two poor women came to the palace, and asked for something to eat. Little Two Eyes looked closely at their faces, and knew them. They were her unkind sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes.

They were so poor that they were begging bread from door to door. The cruel mother was dead.

Little Two Eyes took them into the palace, and was so kind to them that they became softened in heart, and were very sorry for all the unkind things they had said and done to their gentler sister.

As for Little Two Eyes, herself, she lived long and happily. But she did not forget the wise old woman, who had been to her a fairy godmother.

For her sake, she sought out all those who were poor and unhappy; and she turned so many tears into smiles that the best loved person in all the land was the Princess Little Two Eyes.

— *English Folk Lore Tale.*



## THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high  
 And blow the birds about the sky;  
 And all around I heard you pass,  
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
 But always you yourself you hid.  
 I felt you push, I heard you call,  
 I could not see yourself at all—  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
 O blower, are you young or old?  
 Are you a beast of field and tree,  
 Or just a stronger child than me?  
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## HOW A LARK LEARNED TO SING AND FLY.



A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways — a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground, on which it was to practice hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment, to say, "How wonderfully you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried in vain to do it. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said, half-remembering.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the mother replied; "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came, and glued the little bird's wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly nor to sing!" it wailed.

Then, of a sudden, it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and putting a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground, it did not know why.

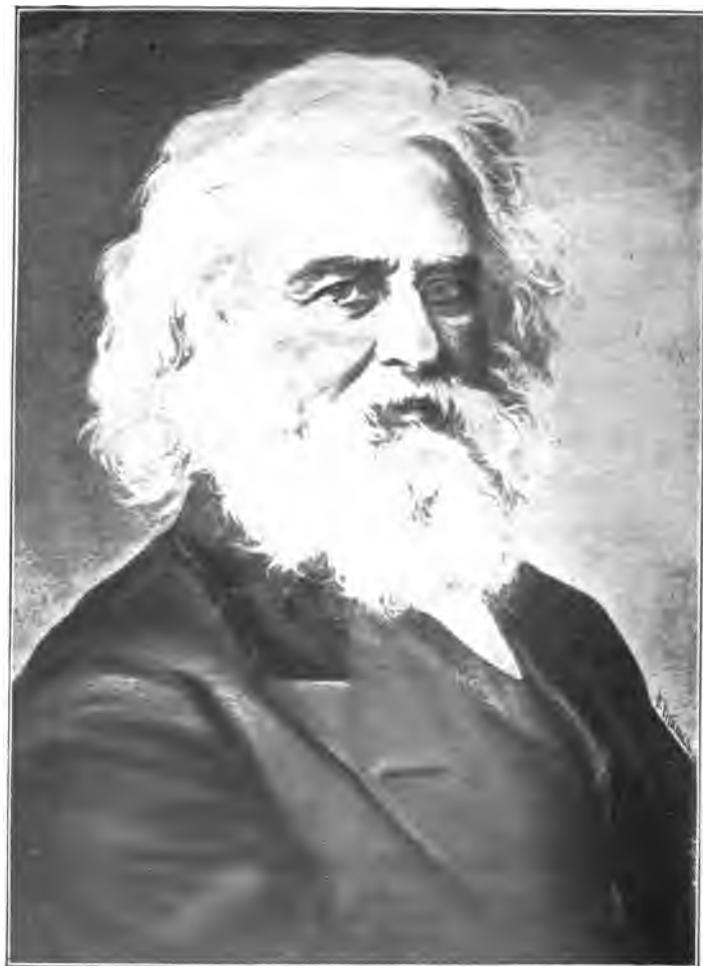
"The sun has come out after the rain!" it trilled. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! thank you! Oh, mother! Did you hear me? I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "Oh, mother, do you see me? I am flying!"

## TWENTY RULES OF CONDUCT.\*

1. Keep good company.
2. Keep busy; keep good hours.
3. Furnish no food for gossip.
4. Take plenty of exercise.
5. Breathe pure air.
6. Eat moderately; sleep regularly.
7. Think pure thoughts.
8. Hold lofty ideals.
9. Be in earnest.
10. Plan all work beforehand.
11. Be prudent; be prompt; be pleasant.
12. Be diligent; be honest; be courteous.
13. Be noble; be pure; be just.
14. Be patient; be cheerful; be forgiving.
15. Avoid debt as a crime.
16. Avoid vulgarity, of thought, word or deed, as a pestilence.
17. Avoid scandal and scandal mongers.
18. Be ready to lend a hand.
19. Be no pessimist. The world needs sunshine makers.
20. "Trust in the Lord and do good."

\*See preface.



**HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.**

**HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.**

The darkness and gloom of February, 1807, were turned into brightness and joy by the birth of a beautiful boy baby in the Longfellow home at Portland, Maine.

In the old family record, the father wrote the date of this baby's birth and the name Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; but the mother fondly called him "Little Sunshine."

Nor would you have wondered, could you have seen the soft, sunny hair, and the sunshiny smile always upon his face as he grew a little older. Then, too, his eyes were as blue as the spring violets, and his childish laugh seemed to gather and hold the music of summer breezes, of silvery, tinkling rills, and of happy bobolinks in June.

Everything in nature called to him in loving tones which he understood from the first. He loved the sunshine, the flowers, the birds, and the bees; he loved the clouds, the rivers, and the seas. But nearer and dearer than all these were the little children; and when the gold of his beautiful hair had turned into silver, he loved them more tenderly still.

As years passed, the children claimed him more and more for their own. What he wrote became a part of their lives, at home and at school. They recited his verses, they sang his songs, they sent him letters and messages and gifts; and no child was ever turned away from his pleasant home at Cambridge without a word of kindly greeting.

All the world over, the children looked upon him as their poet, and as their friend, also; a friend full of tender sympathy, but too gently dignified to be imposed upon or trifled with; a friend to be loved in a reverent and worshipful fashion.

He was a friend to wonder over; to think of as a beautiful star, shining for them from the heavens far, far above; as a saint, whose gentle smile and flowing, silver locks made other halo all unnecessary.

And so this poet, whose charm will never die, came to be called, more and more, "the children's poet." And the poems, which he sent forth, like so many song birds to gladden and comfort the world, until he "fell on sleep" in 1882,

"Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the poet's ear,"

as Mr. Whittier so beautifully says in his exquisite poem, "The Poet and the Children," written in honor of Mr. Longfellow's birthday. This shows how dear Longfellow was to children, far and near; and how dear, also, to his loyal friend, John Greenleaf Whittier.

In return, Mr. Longfellow ranked the quiet Quaker poet among his best loved friends. Others of this circle were James Russell Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, each of whom wrote many beautiful things for children.

Every American child knows and loves Lowell's tender poem, "The First Snow Fall"; every American child reads and laughs over Dr. Holmes' "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay"; and every American child, sooner or later, revels in "The Wonder Book," and learns to enjoy the graceful fancies and delicate lessons found in "The Snow Image," "The Great Stone Face," and other tales by Hawthorne.

Of Longfellow's many beautiful poems, some of the children's favorites are, "The Children's Hour," "Children," "The Village Blacksmith," "Hiawatha," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and "Paul Revere's Ride."

## THE STORY OF MONDAMIN.



Tall and beautiful, he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow;  
To and fro, his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow  
Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me;

Strip these garments, green and yellow,  
Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.

“ Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine.”

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go and wait and watch beside it;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till, at length, a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,

And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;  
 And in rapture, Hiawatha  
 Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !  
 Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he called to old Nokomis  
 And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 Showed them where the maize was growing,  
 Told them of his wondrous vision,  
 Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
 Of this new gift to the nations,  
 Which should be their food forever.

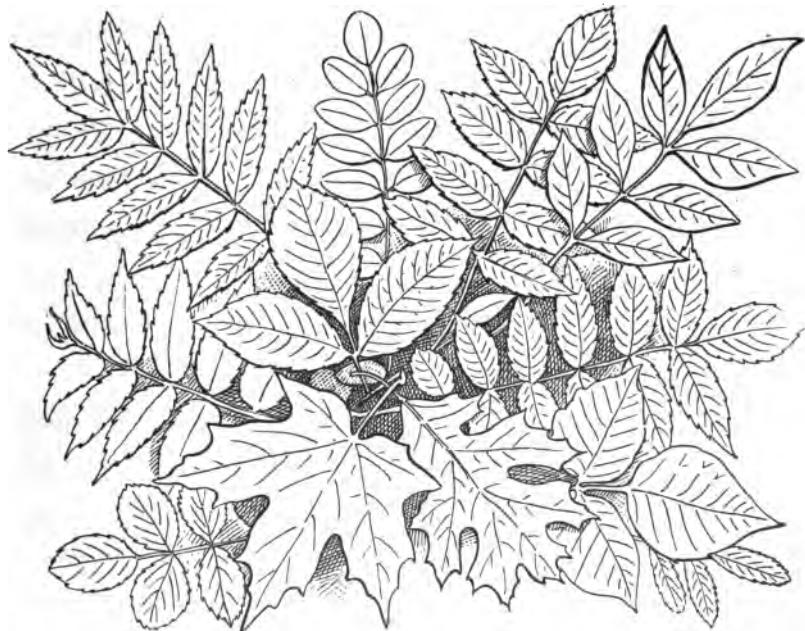
And still later, when the Autumn  
 Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,  
 And the soft and juicy kernels  
 Grew like wampum, hard and yellow,  
 Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
 Stripped the withered husks from off them,  
 As he once had stripped the wrestler,  
 Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
 And made known unto the people  
 This new gift of the Great Spirit.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## AUTUMN LEAVES.

On the hills the leaves are coloring. Gradually the summer greens are turning to red and gold. The October haze is on the fields. The sky is near. Stillness is in the air. The year is ripe.



I see the pageant along the countryside, like a procession stretching away to paradise. There are kings and queens in purple and silver and gold. There are people in green and buff and brown.

There are children in red and pink and yellow. My eyes are drunk with color.

Over the fields and in the swamps I wander. I smell the weedy odor of the Indian summer. Yellow and fiery-red are the maples. Red and morocco-red are the oaks. Nut-brown are the beeches. Straw-yellow are the grasses, and brown and sere are the weeds. Each kind has its color.

And yet there are colors on the maple in the meadow and other colors on the maple on the hill. The oak on one side of my doorway is maroon-red, and that on the other side is veiny-yellow, and they have been the same in all the Octobers in which I have loved them. Each plant has its color.

Floating, sailing, turning, the autumn leaves drop, one by one. Content, I sit in silence, and let the colors fill my soul.

— *L. H. Bailey.*

“ Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
They now are Indian princes,  
But soon they’ll turn to ghosts.”

## THE THREE WISHES.

There was once a man, not very rich, who had a pretty woman for his wife. One winter's evening, as he sat by the fire, they talked of the happiness of their neighbors, who were richer than they. Said the wife :

" If it were in my power to have what I wish, I should soon be happier than all of them."

" So should I, too," said the husband ; " I wish we had fairies now, and that one of them was kind enough to grant me what I should ask."

At that instant they saw a very beautiful lady in their room, who said to them :

" I am a fairy; and I promise to grant you the first three wishes you shall wish; but take care; after having wished for three things, I will not grant one wish further."

The fairy disappeared; and the man and his wife were much perplexed.

" For my own part," said the wife, " if it is left to my choice, I know very well what I shall wish for: I do not wish yet, but I think nothing is so good as to be handsome, rich, and to be of great quality."

But the husband answered: "With all these things one may be sick, fretful, and one may die young; it would be much wiser to wish for health, cheerfulness, and a long life."

"But to what purpose is a long life, with poverty?" said the wife; "it would only prolong our misery. In truth, the fairy should have promised us a dozen gifts, for there is at least a dozen things which I want."

"That's true," said the husband; "but let us take time; let us consider, from this time till morning, the three things which are most necessary for us, and then wish."

"I'll think all night," said the wife; "meanwhile, let us warm ourselves, for it is very cold."

At the same time, the wife took the tongs to mend the fire; and seeing there were a great many coals thoroughly lighted, she said, without thinking of the fairy:

"Here's a nice fire; I wish we had a rich, black pudding for our supper; we could cook it easily."

She had hardly said these words, when down the chimney came tumbling a rich, black pudding.

"Oh, you silly woman," said her husband; "here's a fine wish, indeed! Now we have only two left. For my part, I am so vexed, that I wish the black pudding fast to the tip of your nose."

The man soon perceived that he was sillier than his wife; for, at this second wish, up starts the black pudding, and sticks so fast to the tip of his poor wife's nose, that there was no means to take it off.

"Wretch that I am!" cried she; "you are a wicked man for wishing the pudding fast to my nose."

"My dear," answered the husband, "I did not think of it; but what shall we do? I am about wishing for vast riches, and propose to make a golden case to hide the pudding."

"Not at all," answered the wife, "for I should kill myself, were I to live with this pudding dangling at my nose: be persuaded; we have still a wish to make; leave it to me, or I shall instantly throw myself out of the window."

With this she ran and opened the window; but her husband, who loved his wife, called out:

"Hold, my dear wife, I give you leave to wish for what you will."

"Well," said the wife, "my wish is, that this pudding may drop off."

At that instant the pudding dropped off; and the wife, who did not want wit, said to her husband:

"The fairy has imposed upon us; she was in the right; possibly we should have been more unhappy with riches than we are at present. Believe me, friend, let us wish for nothing, and take things as it shall please God to send them; in the meantime, let us sup upon our pudding, since that's all that remains to us of our wishes."

The husband thought his wife was right, so they supped merrily, and never gave themselves further trouble about the things which they had designed to wish for.

*—From "Treasury of Fairy Tales."*

### DUTY.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
 The youth replies, "I can,"

*—Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

### A COSTLY DREAM.

There were but few of the Northern colonists as stanch in their support of the crown as were those who had settled in the valley of the Mohawk.

The foremost of these were the Johnsons. The head of this family was Sir William Johnson, a shrewd, but good-natured, baronet, who had come to America when scarcely more than a mere stripling.

Always careful and forbearing, his dealings with the Indians had been most friendly and successful.

Through the aid of frequent, small gifts, and many well-timed compliments, he had secured from his Indian friends vast tracts of land.

Thousands of fertile acres were his, upon which he had gathered a tenantry similar to that of England — people who cultivated his land and were true to the interests of their kindly landlord.

As for the Indians, they looked up to him as to a father. His word was their law. They granted him whatever he demanded.

There is an amusing story told about a celebrated Indian chief named Hendrick, who sometimes enjoyed being the guest of Sir William.

Once, when at Sir William's house, Chief Hendrick took a violent fancy to a garment worn by his host. It was a coat made of brilliant scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold lace. This coat, the savage doubtless thought, would be vastly becoming to himself. Accordingly, he one morning approached Sir William with the words: "Me dream last night."

"Indeed!" Sir William exclaimed, "and what did my brother dream?"

"Me dream that your coat be mine," said the chief. To this the shrewd baronet instantly replied:

"Ah, then, your dream must come true. Take the coat, my red brother;" whereupon, the old chief put on the scarlet coat, with many expressions of delight. Soon afterward, Sir William returned the visit, sleeping upon a bed of skins in Hendrick's wigwam. Upon rising the next morning, Sir William said pleasantly to his host:

"Brother, I dreamed last night."

"And what did my pale-faced brother dream?" demanded Hendrick.

"I dreamed that this land," describing a certain tract, "was all my own."

Chief Hendrick looked thoughtful. The land was exceedingly valuable. At last, the old chief, too proud to be outdone in generosity, exclaimed :

*“ Brother, the land is yours; only you must never dream again ! ”*

— *Mary E. Brush.*

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### “ MR.” WASHINGTON.

There is a fine, grim humor shown in the incident of a flag of truce coming in at New York, during the Revolutionary War, bearing a letter from General Howe, addressed to “ Mr. Washington.”

General Washington took the letter from the hand of the red-coat, glanced at the superscription, and said, “ Why, this letter is not for me! It is directed to a planter in Virginia. I’ll keep it, and give it to him at the end of the war.”

Then, cramming the letter into his pocket, he ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by. In an hour another letter came back addressed to “ His Excellency, General Washington.” General Howe could take a hint!

## THE KAISERBLUMEN.



Have you heard of the Kaiserblume,  
O little children sweet,  
That grows in the fields of Germany,  
Light waving among the wheat?

'Tis only a simple flower,  
But were I to try all day,  
Its grace and charm and beauty  
I couldn't begin to say.

By field and wood and roadside,  
Delicate, hardy, and bold,  
It scatters, in wild profusion,  
Its blossoms manifold.

The children love it dearly,  
And with dancing feet they go  
To seek it with song and laughter;  
And all the people know

Stern Kaiser Wilhelm loves it.  
He said: "It shall honored be,  
Henceforth 'tis the Kaiserblume,  
The flower of Germany."

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,  
Tied in a gay cockade,  
And the quaint and humble blossom  
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,  
One summer morning fair,  
As they played in the fields together,  
And sang in the fragrant air:

"Oh, look at the Kaiserblumen  
That grow in the grass so thick!  
Let's gather our arms full, Gretchen,  
And take to the Emperor, quick!"

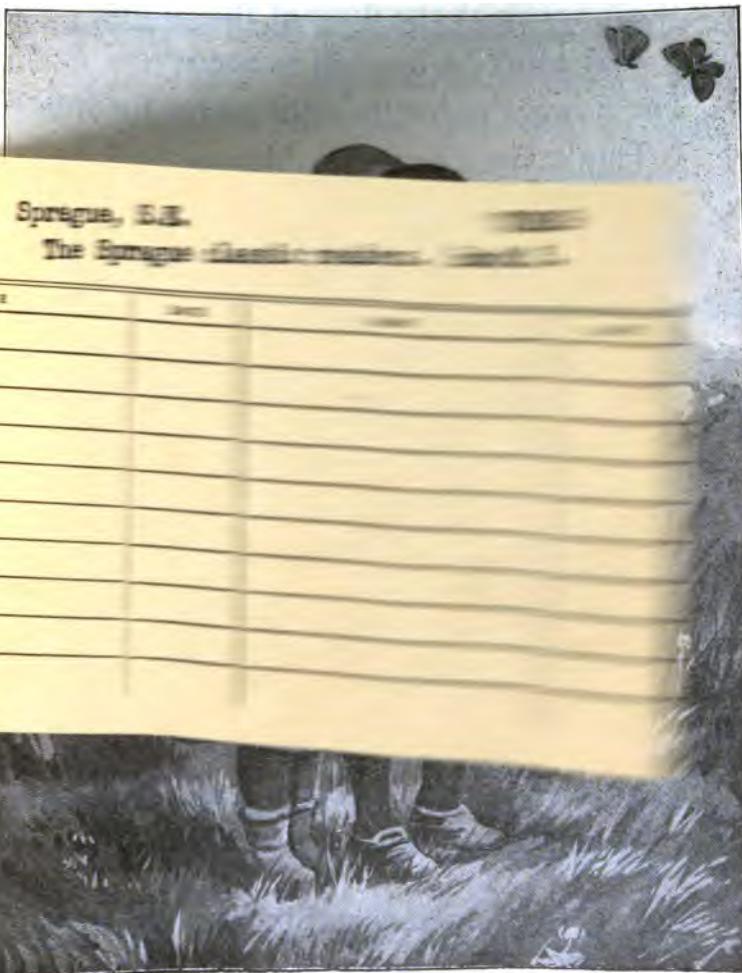
"For never were any so beautiful,  
Waving so blue and bright."  
So all they could carry they gathered,  
Dancing with their delight.

Then, under the blazing sunshine,  
They trudged o'er the long white road  
That led to the Kaiser's palace,  
With their gay nodding load.

But long ere the streets of the city  
They trod with their little feet,  
As hot they grew, and as tired  
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.

And Gretchen's cheeks were rosy  
With a weary travel stain,  
And her tangled hair o'er her blue, blue eyes  
Fell down in a golden rain.

And, at last, all the nodding blossoms  
Their shining heads hung down ;  
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,  
"We've almost reached the town.



HANS AND GRETCHEN.

“ We'll knock at the door of the palace,  
     And won't he be glad to see  
 The flowers we've brought so far for him ?  
     Think, Gretchen, how pleased he'll be !

So they plodded patiently onward,  
     And, with hands so soft and small,  
 They knocked at the palace portal,  
     And sweetly did cry and call :

“ Please open the door, O Kaiser !  
     We've brought some flowers for you,  
 Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,  
     All gay and bright and blue ! ”

But nobody heeded or answered,  
     Till, at last, a soldier grand  
 Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,  
     With a gruff and stern command.

But, “ No ! ” cried the children, weeping ;  
     Though trembling and sore afraid,  
 And, clasping their faded flowers,  
     “ We *must* come in ! ” they said.

A lofty and splendid presence,  
 The echoing stair came down ;  
 To know the king, there was no need  
 That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried : " O Kaiser,  
 We have brought your flowers so far !  
 And we are so tired and hungry !  
 See, Emperor, here they are ! "

They held up their withered posies,  
 While into the Emperor's face  
 A beautiful light came stealing,  
 And he stooped with a stately grace ;

Taking the ruined blossoms,  
 With gentle words and mild,  
 He comforted with kindness  
 The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory  
 . That the little ones befell !  
 And when their heads are hoary  
 They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,  
And dined with princes and kings,  
In that far-off day of splendor,  
Filled full of marvellous things !

And home, when the sun was setting,  
The happy twain were sent,  
In a gleaming, golden carriage,  
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision  
Of fairyland, it seemed ;  
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen  
Believe they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children  
Eager to hear will be,  
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm  
The flowers of Germany.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

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### TINY WEATHER PROPHETS.

Insects are the most reliable weather prophets to be found, and their habits and their instincts are most interesting to study.

Children who live in the country know this better than those who live in cities, where there is little opportunity for studying insects' habits.

Bees are known to be excellent weather prophets. There is a common country saying that "a bee was never caught in a shower."

When rain is coming, bees do not go far afield, but buzz about close to their hives. There is an old rhyme which tells us that

"When bees to distance wing their flight  
Days are warm and skies are bright;  
But when their flight ends near their home  
Stormy weather is sure to come."

Just before the rain the bees will be seen to enter the hive in large numbers, while none come out again. And, again, when bees are seen hard at work early in the morning, unsettled weather may be expected later in the day. The weather instincts of

the little creatures urge them to make honey while the sun shines.

Wasps and hornets, whose favorite nesting places are on the banks of streams, are still better weather prophets than bees. When they build their nests high up on the banks, it is always taken by country people as a sign of a wet season, as the nests are placed high to avoid floods; but when the nests are near to the level of the water, they foretell a dry and warm season.

When ants are found, at midsummer, enlarging and building up their dwellings, it is said to be a sign of an early and cold winter. When ants that have lived in low ground are seen moving up higher, it is a sign of heavy rains. An open ant-hole means clear weather, and a closed one means that a storm is coming.

If spiders remain active during rain, it will very soon be over. When they are seen strengthening their webs, it is a sure sign of an approaching gale; but if they mend their nets during the evening, there will be no rain that night.

If gnats form themselves into a pillar in the

beams of the setting sun, it is a sure token of fair weather; but when the swarms are seen sporting in the shade and under trees, and when they sting viciously, you may be sure of rain.

When crickets make a great hubbub, it is an insect sign of rain; and when glowworms shine brilliantly, and especially after midnight, instead of turning off their light an hour or two before, it will rain ere many hours have passed.

The slim, green-coated katydid is, also, looked upon as a weather prophet. On the first warm summer evening that this insect's shrill voice is heard calling, "Katydid! she did, did, did!" the farmer remarks: "Only six weeks to the first frost." Then he notes the date and gets ready, betimes, to harvest, or cover over the products that the early frost might injure.

To be sure of fair weather, every day, all may use James Whitcomb Riley's rule:

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be,

It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear

That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

## BEFORE THE RAIN.



We knew it would rain, for all the morn  
 A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,  
 Was lowering its golden buckets down  
 Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —  
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
 To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
 The white of their leaves ; the amber grain  
 Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now  
 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

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### ROBIN'S FAREWELL SONG.

Robin, prithee, one more tune  
 Sing of roses, sing of June !  
 Sing a merry roundelay,  
 All too brief thy time to stay.

All the summer gave to thee  
 Sing, until I hear and see ;  
 From thy cup shake drops o'erfilled,  
 Summer's sweetness slow distilled.

Luscious berries, cherries red,  
 Grew that robins might be fed ;  
 Bud and blossom, leaf and tree,  
 Summer fashioned, all for thee !

Sing of these, and nodding clover,  
 Sing it once, and sing it over !  
 Of thy meadows, dew empearled,  
 Of thy joyous, happy world ;

Swaying tree-top, bird-wife's breast —  
 Now, sweet singer, do thy best !  
 Hidden nest with blue eggs three,  
 Blend within the song for me.

Nay, now, robin ! try again !  
Full of sweetness is thy strain,  
But it is a shade too sad,  
Make it, robin, twice as glad !

Do not sing of falling leaf,  
Wailing wind or parting grief,  
But as bravely, blithely, sing,  
As you sang in early spring.

Let thy farewell song, I pray,  
Hold the sunny skies of May,  
All the gladsome happenings,  
All the spring-time blossomings.

Sing a song of coming joy,  
Bliss on bliss without alloy !  
Full of love, and hope, and cheer,  
Let this song be, robin dear !

Not one joy leave out to-day  
From thy parting roundelay ;  
Close at hand are frost and snow ;  
Sing my song, then, robin --- go !

## TRISSY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.



## PART I.

Trissy had waited three years. Twice before the Christmas tree man had come and gone away again with his great load of trees, and still Trissy's little dwarfed, imperfect tree stood in the far corner of the big back pasture. She had stolen up to talk to it each time after the man had gone.

"Poor little tree," she had said, gently, "nobody wants you—not in this whole world. Nobody loves you but just me. I like you little and crooked; I

like the bare spots where you haven't any little green arms."

But this year — maybe this year the Christmas tree man would take Trissy's little tree. He might, you know. Jimmie John's grandfather said there weren't so very many good trees left here at Far Corners now. He might take it!

In late October or early November, this brisk, business-like man came from the great city to collect a carload of Christmas trees. He went about from one country town to another, visiting wood lots and back pastures and buying the prettiest little evergreens.

Now he had come again, and Triss and Jimmie John trudged away to the pasture. It was a long walk, but what sturdy little country girl and boy would mind a half-mile scramble over rough ground and stone walls? They wondered all the way if they should see Trissy's tree with a white string on it to mark it as one of those chosen.

"We're most there; over this hummock, and we'll see. Shut your eyes, Trissy, and I'll lead you," Jimmie John said, excitedly.

But when Triss opened her eyes, with a little groan, there was the little crooked tree unchosen.

"O, Jimmie John! Jimmie John!" she sighed.

"Never mind, Trissy—who cares?"

"I care, that's who. I guess you'd feel left out, James John Clapp, if nobody chose you ever. Not ever."

Triss crept into the green arms of the little tree, and laid her smooth, brown cheek against its trunk.

"I like you," she whispered.

She had never told Jimmie John of her fancies about the little evergreen tree she called her tree. Trissy did not call them fancies—she said "make believes"; and she was not quite sure prosaic, every-day Jimmie John would understand make-believes.

Perhaps he'd say "pooh!" or laugh, if she told him how she liked to shut her eyes and make believe her little tree had gone away to make some little city girl's Christmas, and was standing up bravely in some beautiful parlor, all a-glitter and a-shine with candles of gold, and silver stars, and more toys than you could possibly count. What would Jimmie John say to that? And little children in floating,

shimmering white dresses and pink sashes, dancing round and round the little tree!

Trissy liked to go up in the barn-chamber and sit in the hay when she made believe like that. And she always shut her eyes. She said she could see so much better with her eyes shut!

The Christmas tree man came back with Grand-father Clapp, and this time he noticed the little tree. He tied a white string on it!

"I might as well take it along—there's going to be a shortage," he said. "But nobody'll buy it but poor folks, and they won't have anything to put on it."

Poor Trissy—poor Trissy! She stayed behind the others, with a woe-begone little face. Nobody'd buy it but poor folks—was that how the beautiful parlor and white-dressed children were coming out? And they wouldn't have a thing to put on it! Was that like glittering candles, and toys that you couldn't count?

"Oh, dear!" murmured Triss. All her lovely make-believes seemed to have tumbled to pieces at her feet. The little tree beside her shivered a little, as if dreading what was coming.

"No, no!" cried Trissy to it, soothingly. "You shall not go like that. You shall have candles and beautiful things! You shall make somebody happy."

She squeezed one of the little green hands comfortingly, and ran away home. She had made a sudden resolve, and on the way she thought out all the details. "I will!" she cried, softly, as she ran.

"It's missionary money, and this will be going a-missionarying. My little Christmas tree shall make somebody happy."

She went straight up to her own room under the eaves, and dropped down on her knees before the lower bureau drawer. In one corner was the money — three silver quarters. Her little brown fingers found it without any help from her brown eyes.

How shiny the quarters were! She made a little pile of them, even and straight, and wrapped them very securely in dark green paper—Christmas tree color! Trissy was glad she had that special color among her colored papers for paper-doll dresses. How much there was to be glad for!

Before she added the last green wrapper, she



wrote a letter to put into the little flat packet. It took a good while to write it and then copy it—and then copy it once more. But it was done, at last, and the tiny green bundle carried secretly up to the back pasture, and tied away in among the green branches, and out of sight. Trissy tied it on with one of her dark green hair ribbons.

"Somebody'll find it—I know somebody will!" she said, aloud. "Little tree, keep hold of it tight till the right person comes. And that's the person to make happy, remember!"

## PART II.

In the great city there was Christmas hurry and bustle and joy. People went about with Christmas "peace, good will" in their faces. The store windows were ablaze with Christmas trinkets and little children stood round them all day long. The very little winter birds sang Christmas carols.

On Christmas Eve, a slender woman lingered wistfully among the few Christmas trees still left. Once or twice she started away resolutely, but only to come back again.

"If I only could—but I can't," she thought. "I can't do it! Nell must go without her Christmas tree. Every cent must go for her medicine—my little sick girl! And what could I put on it, anyway?"

She was shabby and tired looking. She looked as if she had been working hard all day. The store-keeper looked at her, and, because of the Christmas "good will" in his breast, could read the longing in her thin face, and he pitied her. Perhaps the manger-light that surrounded a tiny Baby centuries

ago touched his eyes and gave them sight, and shone into his heart.

"Lookin' for a tree, eh?" he asked, kindly. "Well, now, here's one I'll give you for the takin' away—have it just as well's not. It ain't a beauty, but it'll dress up all right. I'd thought of carrying it home myself. The others are all spoken for. Hold on—what's your street? Hooper? Well, I declare! I go right through Hooper, and I'll take it along. No trouble, no trouble—it's Christmas, you know!"

It wasn't a beauty. Even Trissy had known that; but the slender little mother looked at it admiringly. Nell would like it—little, patient Nell. And it would be a Christmas tree, even unadorned. She tried to be contented with that. A minute ago, she had wanted it so much!

"But if I could only dress it up!" she thought, wistfully. "It would dress up beautifully. Just candy and oranges, and one little toy for Nell!"

She was wishing it still, when she found Trissy's packet. The faithful little tree had held it tight. There was a letter in it.

"Dear Whosoever," it read; "this is my tree, and I send it to you. It's all the way I can. The Christmas tree man said nobody'd buy it but poor folks, and there wouldn't be anything to put on it, so I send my three quarters to get things. I hope there are children. I hope there's one who's a little girl nine years old. So am I. Yours respectfully,

TRISSY HOLMES.

P. S. I forgot to say Merry Christmas."

"Oh, little Trissy, Nell's nine years old!" the little mother sobbed, with joy; "and you've given her a Christmas, you dear little 'Whosoever'!"

And so, after all, there were candles and toys, and a pale little face lighted up with delight. The brown eyes of the giver could not see this; but it really did not matter so much after all.

Away up at Far Corners, on this same Christmas Eve, little brown Trissy was full of joy over the thought that her little crooked Christmas tree was making some little city girl happy at last.

"You are not lonely now," she whispered to herself; "and I can see the candles and toys, if you are so far away. All the lovely make-believes are true now—all true."

—Annie Hamilton Donnell (Adapted).

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## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through  
the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window, I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them  
by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer  
and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!”

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top, the coursers, they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too;  
And, then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes  
and soot;

A bundle of toys, he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.  
 His droll, little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little, round belly  
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full  
 of jelly.

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,  
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
 But a wink of his eye, and a twist of his head  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
 And filled all the stockings — then turned with a jerk,  
 And laying his finger beside of his nose,  
 And, giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
 And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;  
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
 “ Happy Christmas to all! and to all a good night!”

### LEGEND OF THE OPAL.

A dewdrop came — with a spark of flame  
 He had caught from the sun's last ray —  
 To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest  
 Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown ;  
 But she smiled all at once, to view  
 Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,  
 Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look  
 At the sky, so soft and blue ;  
 And a leaflet green with its silver sheen,  
 Was seen by the idler too.



A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,  
 Of a sudden raged around ;  
 And a maiden fair, who was walking there,  
 Next morning, an opal found.

— Selected.

## EUGENE FIELD.

During the first week of September, 1850, a tiny, blue-eyed boy was born into the home of Roswell Martin Field, of St. Louis, Mo.; and this baby was named Eugene Field.

"Just a little child was he"—sunny-haired and sunny-hearted; a child of many moods, whims, and fancies; a child to whom ghosts, witches, gnomes, elves, and fairies were very real, entering into and forming a part of his everyday life.

"It was summer when he smiled"—and he smiled very often! His sense of humor and his enjoyment of fun were both extraordinary. One might fittingly have said to him: "Sun-child, come to me: Let me warm my heart with thee." And yet he was full of sympathy and affection, and, all his life, drew friends to himself like a great human magnet.

He was very fond of pets, and little children and the dumb creatures of the earth turned to him as the flowers to the sun. And, in return, he gave love for love, trust for trust.

He understood children; he shared their joys, and comforted their griefs. He belonged to them.



EUGENE FIELD.

His own children, and the children of the neighborhood, found in him a delightful comrade. He made new games for them, frolicked with them until they were weary, then took them in his arms and tenderly lulled them to sleep with sweet songs of his own making. It was always:

“Come on, little people, from cot and from hall;  
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!”

Wonderful tales and poems sprang forth at a moment’s notice to gratify the little ones who clamored for them. These were so full of quaint fancies, so imbued with fairy lore, that one might well believe that the fairies were ever close at his side, and that it was they who presented him with the magic pen which became his wand of success.

The fairy of his ink-well took endless shapes, according to the mood of the poet. One moment, there was “Little Boy Blue,” or “Little All-Aloney”—tenderness itself; the next, there was “Little Mistress Sans Merci”—a gay, elusive creature, whose silvery laugh held a mocking tone; and following

close after, might be "The Hawthorne Children," whose dancing feet left you far behind.

From nonsense and mirth were spun robes of rainbow hues with which to clothe these airy sprites; but, mingled therewith, were always the softer shades indicating tenderest love and sympathy.

For children, for dumb creatures, for mothers, and for homes, he constantly used his voice and his pen; for these, to the day of his death, he gave his most serious thought and effort. And through all his work, whether grave or gay, one is impressed with his intimate knowledge of books and his passionate love for them.

His boyish love of fun, his whimsical fondness for strange toys and odd collections, his kindness to animals, his generosity and his boundless hospitality endeared him to all; but it was his genuine love for children that enabled him to strike the key-note of childhood so truly and so tenderly.

Little wonder then that, when the beloved Longfellow laid down his pen, common consent should bestow the title of "the children's laureate" upon Eugene Field. He had well earned it.

But he did not stay long to enjoy this crowning honor. Early one morning in November, 1895, at his pleasant home in Buena Park — having scarcely reached middle life — his genial spirit slipped away from the frail body, leaving only its smiling reflection upon the poet's pale, still face.

Eugene Field, the children's poet-playfellow and interpreter, had gone from their sight; but to his faithful lovers he had bequeathed his enchanting poems and tales, to be their own forever.

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### WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

#### A DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe —

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea —

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —  
Never afeard are we";

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam —  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 'twas a dream they  
dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea —

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

— *Eugene Field.*

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## A LEGEND OF THE BLUEBIRD.



## PART I.

Once upon a time, there was a little cloud whose home was up in the sky. Many brothers and sisters had he; and a beautiful, white cloud was his mother.

A lovely home these little clouds had, with the bright sun to light it by day, the moon and the stars by night.

Dearly they loved the sun. No matter how early he arose, they were always up to greet

\* See preface.

him, waving their banners of pink and gold and crimson.

When the sun left them at night, they would again wave their beautiful banners, and then put on their dark-blue night robes.

The little clouds wore thin dresses of white or silver-gray, except when their mother put on her black coat with the silver lining.

Then they knew they must wrap themselves in their dark gray waterproofs, for down, down would come the rain!

It was a bright morning, late in the winter. All the little clouds were having a merry time, except one that cried and wept, refusing to play. His beautiful mother called him to her.

"What is the matter, my child?" said she. "I thought we were going to have such a bright day. Why do you spoil it all by your tears and dark looks? The beautiful sun is shining, and you should be bright, too."

"Oh, mother," replied the little cloud, "I am tired of living in the sky. I wish I could be a bird and fly down, down to the earth, which lies so far below."

## PART II.

The wise cloud-mother thought a little while, and then said:

"You may go, my child, if you will do the work I give you, faithfully and well. Every one who lives on the earth must be of use. The heart of man must be glad because of your coming. Every boy and every girl must rejoice at seeing you. The rabbits, also, and all other timid animals must have cause to thank you for your watchful care."

"Thank you, thank you, dear mother!" said the little cloud, "I will do my best."

Then the great cloud-mother changed him into a bluebird, saying:

"Go, and take a part of the bright sky with you. Tell the people on earth that winter will soon be gone, that spring is coming, and that sunny skies and happy days are at hand. Nor is that all," said the cloud-mother. "You must watch over the birds, the rabbits, and all timid animals, and tell them when danger is nigh."

"I will, I will, dear mother," called the bluebird, as he flew away to the earth.

And so came the bluebird to the earth. On clear days in March we may see his beautiful sky-colored coat flitting about among the trees of the orchard.

We may hear his clear, sweet voice calling to us that winter will soon be gone, and that sunny skies and happy days are at hand. "Spring is coming!" is in every note of his sweet song.

But when any danger comes near the rabbit, or any other timid animal, the bluebird utters a quick note of warning, which they seem to understand and obey.

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— N. L. (Adapted).

### THE BLUEBIRD.

A glimpse of blended cloud and sky,  
A liquid song just floating by,  
Was all I saw, was all I heard—  
But 'twas enough, enough, Bluebird!

I know that cold and frost are done,  
I know the gladsome spring has come;  
I feel the thrill of stirring clod  
Responding to the call of God!

## ROBIN.

The drifts along the fences are settling. The brooks are brimming full. The open fields are bare. A warm knoll here and there is tinged with green. A smell of earth is in the air. A shadow darts through the apple tree: it is the robin!

Robin! You and I were lovers when yet my years were few. We roamed the fields and hills together. We explored the brook that ran up into the great dark woods and away over the edge of the world. We knew the old squirrel who lived in the maple tree. We heard the first frog peep. We knew the minnows that lay under the mossy log. We knew how the cowslips bloomed in the lushy swale. We heard the first soft roll of thunder in the liquid April sky.

Robin! The fields are yonder! You are my better self. I care not for the birds of paradise; for whether here or there, I shall listen for your carol in the apple tree.

—L. H. Bailey.





SIEGFRIED AND GREYFRIAR

## THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED AND BRUNHILDE.\*

Siegfried was a brave prince. And when he became a youth, he set out from his father's castle.

"I will seek adventure," he said; "and never will I fear either dragon or man. No foe shall ever make me shrink from battle."

So Siegfried set forth.

First he came to the home of the terrible giant, Gripir, who sat upon a throne made of the teeth of a sea horse. In his hand was an ivory staff. He wore a long, purple robe. His long, white beard swept the floor of the castle. His eyes were like burning fire, and his voice was like thunder.

But Siegfried was not afraid.

"Hail, O great and powerful Gripir!" Siegfried said.

Gripir was amazed. Who could this youth be that dared call to him!

But Gripir loved bravery. So he called, "Hail, brave prince! You are Siegfried. The Norns, whom some men call the Fates, have told me you were coming.

"Welcome to my mountain home! Come and

\* See preface.

sit by me ; though no man ever sat upon this throne with me before."

All day long, Gripir and Siegfried sat and talked. Siegfried told Gripir all the brave deeds he meant to do. Gripir listened. And when Siegfried went away, he gave him a wonderful horse.

"This horse," said Gripir, "you shall call Greyfell. The name means Shining Hope."

Then Siegfried saw that the horse's mane shone like silver, his eyes blazed like fire, and his white coat sparkled like snow on the mountain-top. Siegfried then mounted the wonderful Greyfell, and rode forth from Gripir's castle.

Many brave deeds did Siegfried perform ; but, by and by, he came into the land of Brunhilde.

Brunhilde was a beautiful princess. Odin had sent her down to the earth to watch over the battle-fields, and when a warrior fell in battle, Odin wished her to lift him upon her strong steed's back, and carry him up to Asgard. Now Asgard was the hero's heaven, where Odin dwelt.

But Brunhilde disobeyed. More than once, she saved the life of a warrior, and carried him to her

own castle. For this, Odin sent a punishment upon Brunhilde. He sent her away from the home of the immortals to dwell upon the earth below.

"You shall live there among the earth folk," he said. "You shall be ignorant as they are; and you shall suffer as they do."

Then Brunhilde wandered up and down the earth. She did not understand the earth folk. They did not understand her. Often she was sick and tired and hungry. Often she looked, through her tears, up at the golden city where she might have dwelt.

But, at last, she came into the land of Isenstein. The good old king pitied her, and took her into his palace. He had no children of his own; so he made Brunhilde a princess, and told her she should rule over Isenstein.

Odin was angry when he knew that Brunhilde was happy in the kingdom of Isenstein. "This must not be," he said, and he sent down the Thorn of Sleep. The thorn stung Brunhilde, and she fell asleep—she, and all her people with her.

"She shall sleep on," said Odin, "for long, long years. She shall sleep till there shall be found a

brave prince. He shall be so brave that he will dare cross a river of fire to rescue her. If no such prince is ever found, then she shall sleep on forever."

Thus Brunhilde, called by the people the Maiden of Spring, fell asleep; and all Isenstein slept, too. For a spell was upon them all. It was to the castle of Brunhilde that Siegfried had come with Bragi, the harper.

First, he saw a long, low coast. The lazy waters splashed upon it sleepily. Even the winds among the trees were drowsy. Half a league inland stood Brunhilde's castle. It was a stone castle, with tall towers and turrets.

The plain around it was brown and dry. Silence was everywhere. There was no sign of life on land or sea. On the walls stood the sentinels; but they seemed like statues of stone; and at the gate, the watchman sat fast asleep.

"Play upon your harp, good friend," Siegfried said to his companion. "Let us awaken these sleeping people with music." So Bragi touched his harp, and strains of soft music filled the air.

It floated out across the bay. It floated across the plain, and in at the castle windows. Still the sleeping Brunhilde heard it not.

"We can never awaken these people with music," Bragi said. Then he told Siegfried the story of the sleeping Brunhilde.

"Only one can awaken her," said Bragi; "for such was the decree of Odin. And that must be a prince! A prince so bold that he will dare plunge through the river of fire that lies around the castle."

"I will be that prince!" Siegfried cried, and he hurried toward the castle walls. He stood beside the river of fire, and watched its cruel flames. "Shall I try to cross this fire alone; or shall I wait for a sign from Odin?" Siegfried said to himself.

But just then he looked toward Greyfell. His eyes were shining and his mane sparkling like water-drops. The shining and the sparkling meant success. It was by these Siegfried always knew what was best to do.

"Let us leap, then, good Greyfell," said Siegfried. Then he sprang upon the horse's back, and together they leaped into the blazing river.

Barely had Greyfell's hoofs touched the flames when they fell back. The heat and the blaze died away. It was as if the cruel flames shrank before the pure, white sunshine of Greyfell's mane.

Unharmed, Siegfried and Greyfell reached the castle gate. There lay the sentinel fast asleep. He woke not, even from the noise of Greyfell's clattering hoofs. So Siegfried pushed his way onward and into the castle.

In the great stable lay horses and grooms fast asleep. In the eaves birds sat sleeping. Even the fountains had forgotten to play.

In the castle sat the butler, the cook, and all the servants, snoring loudly. In the banquet hall, a thousand knights sat at the board, the feast before them, fast asleep. But Siegfried hurried on. It was Brunhilde he wished to find.

In the grandest hall in the castle, Brunhilde lay. Her couch was of silk; and over her hung a canopy of gold. Her eyes were closed, and she lay still as a marble statue. Hardly could Siegfried see that she breathed.

How beautiful she was! For a hundred years

she had lain there! But her youth had not faded.  
She was as beautiful as ever.

Siegfried stooped and kissed the gentle forehead. "Brunhilde! Brunhilde!" he whispered. Then Brunhilde opened her eyes, and looked up into Siegfried's face. And as she awoke, all the people in the castle awoke. The air grew soft and sweet. The grass grew green. Flowers sprang up everywhere.

And the people cried, "Brunhilde has awakened!  
The prince has come! Welcome to the brave Siegfried!  
Now will our earth be again beautiful! Brunhilde!  
the Maiden of Springtime! Brunhilde!"

— *R. Hoyt* (Abridged).

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A touch, a kiss! the charm has snapt,  
There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;  
A fuller light illumined all,  
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

— *Tennyson.*

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### THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

*—Part of Psalm CIII.*

## GANDERFEATHER'S GIFT.



I was just a little thing  
When a fairy came and kissed me;  
Floating in upon the light  
Of a haunted summer night,  
Lo! the fairies came to sing  
Pretty slumber songs, and bring  
Certain boons that else had missed me.

From a dream I turned to see  
 What those strangers brought for me,  
     When that fairy up and kissed me —  
     Here, upon this cheek, he kissed me !

Simmerdew was there, but she  
     Did not like me altogether ;  
 Daisybright and Turtledove,  
 Pilfercurds and Honeylove,  
 Thistleblow and Amberglee,  
 On that gleaming, ghostly sea  
     Floated from the misty heather,  
 And around my trundle-bed  
 Frisked and looked, and whispering, said,  
     Solemn-like and all together :  
     “You shall kiss him, Ganderfeather” !

Ganderfeather kissed me then —  
     Ganderfeather, quaint and merry !  
 No attenuate sprite was he,  
     But as buxom as could be ;  
     Kissed me twice and once again,  
     And the others shouted when



GANDERFEATHER'S KISS.

On my cheek uprose a berry  
 Somewhat like a mole, mayhap,  
 But the kiss-mark of that chap  
     Ganderfeather, passing merry,  
     Humorsome but kindly, very !

I was just a tiny thing  
     When the prankish Ganderfeather  
 Brought this curious gift to me  
     With his fairy kisses three ;  
 Yet with honest pride I sing  
     That same gift he chose to bring  
         Out of yonder haunted heather ;  
 Other charms and friendships fly,  
     Constant friends this mole and I,  
     Who have been so long together !  
 Thank you, little Ganderfeather !

— *Eugene Field.*

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### THE BIRDS AND I.



The springtime belongs to the birds and to me. We own it. We know when the Mayflowers and the buttercups bloom. We know when the first frogs peep. We watch the awakening of the woods. We are wet by the warm April showers. We go where we will, and we are companions. Every tree and brook and blade of grass is ours; and our hearts are full of song.

There are boys who kill the birds, and girls who want to catch them and put them in cages; and there are others who steal their eggs. The birds are not partners with them; they are only servants. Birds, like people, sing for their friends, not for their masters.

I am sure that one cannot think much of the springtime and the flowers if his heart is always

set upon killing or catching something. We are happy when we are free; and so are the birds.

The birds and I get acquainted all over again every spring. They have seen strange lands in the winter, and all the brooks and woods have been covered with snow. So we run and romp together, and find all the nooks and crannies which we had half forgotten since October.

The birds remember the old places. The wrens pull the sticks from the old hollow rail and seem to be wild with joy to see the place again. They must be the same wrens that were here last year and the year before, for strangers could not make so much fuss over an old rail. The bluebirds and wrens look into every crack and corner for a place in which to build, and the robins and chipping-sparrows explore every tree in the old orchard.

If the birds want to live with us, we should encourage them. The first thing to do is to let them alone. Let them be as free from danger and fear as you or I. Take the hammer off the old gun, give pussy so much to eat that she will not care to hunt for birds, and keep away the boys who steal

eggs and who carry sling-shots and throw stones. Plant trees and bushes about the borders of the place, and let some of them, at least, grow into tangles; then, even in the back yard, the wary catbird may make its home.

For some kinds of birds we can build houses. These houses should be placed on poles or on buildings in somewhat secluded places. Martins and tree-swallows like to build their nests twenty-five feet or more above the ground, but the other birds usually prefer an elevation less than twelve feet. Newly made houses, and particularly newly painted ones, do not often attract the birds.

But if the birds and I are companions, I must know them more intimately. Merely building houses for them is not enough. I want to know live and happy birds, not dead ones. We are not to know them, then, by catching them, nor stuffing them, nor by collecting their eggs.

Even scientists do not take specimens recklessly. They do not rob nests. They do not kill brooding birds. They do not make collections merely for the sake of making them; and even their

collections are less valuable than a knowledge of the bird as it lives and flies and sings.

The naturalist cares more for things as they really are in their own homes than for museum specimens. One does not love the birds when he steals their eggs and breaks up their homes; and he is depriving the farmer of one of his best friends, for birds keep insects in check.

Stuffed birds do not sing, and empty eggs do not hatch. Then let us go to the fields and watch the birds. Sit down on the soft grass and try to make out what the robin is doing on yonder fence, or why the wren is bursting with song in the thicket. An opera-glass or spy-glass will bring them close to you.

Try to find out not only what the colors and shapes and sizes are, but what their habits are. What does the bird eat? How much does it eat? Where is its nest? How many eggs does it lay? What color are they? How long does the mother bird sit on the eggs? How does she get her food during that time? For how long do the young birds remain in the nest? Who feeds them? What are they fed? Is there more than one brood in the

season? Where do the birds go after breeding? Do they change their plumage? Are the mother birds and father birds unlike in size or color?

These are some of the things which we can find out by watching the birds. There is no harm in visiting the nests, if one does it in the right way. Watch only those nests which can be seen without climbing, for if you have to climb the tree the birds will resent it.

Make the visit when the birds are absent, if possible; at least, never scare the bird from the nest. Do not touch the eggs or the nest. Make your visit very short. Make up your mind just what you want to see, then look in quickly and pass on. Do not go too often; once or twice a day will be sufficient. Do not take the other children with you, for you are then apt to stay too long and to offend the birds.

In this manner we may learn many interesting and valuable things about our feathered neighbors without in the least interfering with their comfort or disturbing their pretty housekeeping.

—*L. H. Bailey* (Abridged).

## THE FOUR WINDS.



“ Honor be to Mudjekeewis ! ”

With a shout, exclaimed the people ;

“ Honor be to Mudjekeewis ! ”

Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,

And hereafter and forever

Shall he hold supreme dominion

Over all the winds of heaven.

Call him no more Mudjekeewis,

Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind ! ”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen

Father of the Winds of Heaven.

For himself he kept the West-Wind,

Gave the others to his children ;

Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,

Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,  
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;  
He it was who brought the morning,  
He it was whose silver arrows  
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;  
He it was whose cheeks were painted  
With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
And whose voice awoke the village,  
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

But the fierce Kabibonokka . . .  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;  
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,  
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew  
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang  
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,  
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.  
He it was who sent the wood-birds,  
Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,  
Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.  
From his pipe the smoke ascending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
To the melancholy north-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.\*

*Landseer.*

Long, long, long ago, an old man, who took care of swine in the day-time, sat one evening at the door of his hut, in the far-away island of Ithaca.

While he sat there watching the sky, a tall, strong man, with a long beard and untrimmed hair, dressed in very poor clothes, stood before him, and said: "Good man, will you give me food and lodgings to-night?"

The old swineherd rose from his seat, put out

\* See preface.

his hand in kindly greeting, and answered, "Yes, friend; when the king, my master, ruled over this land, no one was ever turned hungry from his door, and I will gladly give thee such poor food and lodging as I have."

"I thank thee, truly," answered the forlorn-looking stranger; "but who was thy master, and where is he now?"

"You must have heard, in your travels over distant lands, of great Ulysses," said the swineherd. "He was my noble master, and the loved king of Ithaca. He went away to Troy, and fought in the great war, for ten years. When the war was at an end, they say he sailed for home; he never came again to his own land;" and the old swineherd wiped away a tear that fell when he talked of his king.

"Perhaps," said the stranger, "his boat was wrecked, and he was cast away upon some lone island. He may yet come home. Do not despair of seeing him."

"Ah," said the old swineherd, "it is many long years now since he sailed away. I could wish he might come, that I might see his face again before I

die, but I fear it will not be — but come in, come in, and I will lend thee a change of clothing, and give thee water for thy bath before thou dost eat and sleep."

The stranger woke the next morning, rested and refreshed.

"I will go out with thee," he said to the swineherd; and they went on toward the palace where Ulysses, the king, had lived.

As they came near it, a pack of dogs, seeing a stranger with the swineherd, ran out, barking furiously, and snapping so savagely at his heels and clothes, that old Eumæus — for that was the swineherd's name — had to beat them off with his heavy stick.

The stranger looked at the pack of dogs as they went back to the palace yards, and he said, "I see one large dog lying there on the ground that did not run out with the others."

"He is too feeble to run," said Eumæus. "He was my king's favorite and close friend; but now that poor Argus is old and feeble, no one except me ever speaks a friendly word to him, or offers him food. Had my master lived, it would not have been

so ; the faithful dog would have been tenderly cared for, and never have known neglect."

By this time, they had come quite near to the old dog, who lay stretched out in the sun, as if he were asleep.

"Argus ?" said the stranger. "Didst thou say his name is Argus ?"

Before Eumæus could reply, the feeble old dog had struggled to his feet. He came straight up to the stranger, leaped upon him, licked his clothes and his feet, and trembled all over with excitement. The stranger stooped to pat the dog, and soothe him with gentle words, when all at once Argus fell over, and in a moment or two had ceased to breathe.

The stranger still stroked the dog, and Eumæus said, in great astonishment, "What could have come upon the faithful old fellow to make him act like that? He must have lost his senses before he died. Poor old Argus!" But the stranger said never a word.

Soon they walked on to the palace gates. Then Eumæus went to take care of the swine; but the stranger lingered around the court for many days.

He saw what bad deeds were daily done there, and how the poor were ill-treated.

When he had seen these things, and found out all about the bad men who stayed in the palace, he took off his poor clothing one day, had his hair and beard trimmed, and dressed himself in splendid clothes; and then all the people knew him, for he was their own king, Ulysses, whom they had thought dead.

"Only my old dog, faithful old Argus, knew me at once," said the king. "He died of joy when he heard my voice. A dog is man's most faithful and devoted friend."

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— *Emma M. C. Greenleaf.*

"Just to be tender, just to be true;  
 Just to be glad the whole day through!  
 Just to be merciful, just to be mild;  
 Just to be trustful as a child;  
 Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;  
 Just to be helpful with willing feet;  
 Just to be cheery when things go wrong;  
 Just to drive sadness away with a song.  
 Whether the hour is dark or bright,  
 Just to be loyal to God and right!"



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

### GENERAL LEE'S FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, called by his personal friends "the king of men," is well known to have been a gallant soldier, a magnanimous foe, an exemplary citizen, a devoted husband, and a tender father. Many anecdotes, too, are told showing that he was, also, a passionate lover of all children.

Being at Petersburg one day, in the winter of 1864, he thought he would attend the religious services held in a little chapel close by. As he entered the door, he noticed a little girl just inside the small porch. She was dressed in garments that were old and faded, and was timidly waiting for some one to give her a seat.

One glance of the General's kindly eye took in the situation. "Come with me, little lady," said the brave soldier; "you shall sit by me to-day." Then taking the happy child by the hand, he led her to a comfortable seat, and kept her by his side till the close of the services.

Another time, when riding through the streets of Richmond, he noticed a number of little girls rolling hoops upon the sidewalk. As he approached,

they recognized the General, and gathered into a still group, gazing with awe upon one whose name was a loved and venerated household word.

To their great astonishment, their hero threw the reins of his horse to an orderly, dismounted, and affectionately kissed each one of his little admirers. Then he rode away with their sunny smiles reflected upon his own bronzed face.

After General Lee became President of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., he speedily made the acquaintance of every child in the town. Almost any day he might have been seen stopping to kiss some shy little girl, or to exchange a merry joke with a bright-eyed boy.

One tiny little man, with whom he had been especially intimate, came to think it his right to sit by his side wherever and whenever he could find him. Accordingly, on a certain Commencement day, the child stole away from his mother, and made his way to the platform, and unceremoniously curled down at the feet of General Lee.

A few kindly words and an affectionate pat upon the curly head leaning against his knee, reas-

sured the fluttering heart of the child's mother, who was much distressed by the incident. Soon the little fellow fell asleep, causing the General considerable inconvenience. This he did not seem to mind, however, and kept one position for a long time, rather than to awaken the child from his nap.

How entirely the little ones loved and trusted him may be seen from this little story: One time, when away from home, he happened to be sitting in a public room of a hotel with his feet crossed. Little three-year-old Frank ran into the room, flushed and excited from his play outside.

Seeing a kindly-faced old gentleman, with a foot in good position, he, without ceremony, at once mounted it for a horse, causing his mother much chagrin. It, however, afforded General Lee much amusement, and he let the child ride until he was satisfied.

Great chieftain as he was, he never failed to greet the children with a pleasant smile and a kind word; and when his death occurred, in October, 1870, no grief for his loss was more sincere than that of the children of the sunny South.

## ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel.—Abou spake more low,  
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,  
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
 It came again with a great wakening light,  
 And showed the names whom love of God  
 had blessed—

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—Leigh Hunt.

## MY LORD BAG-o'-RICE.



Once upon a time, there was a brave warrior, called My Lord Bag-o'-Rice, who spent all his time in waging war against the King's enemies.

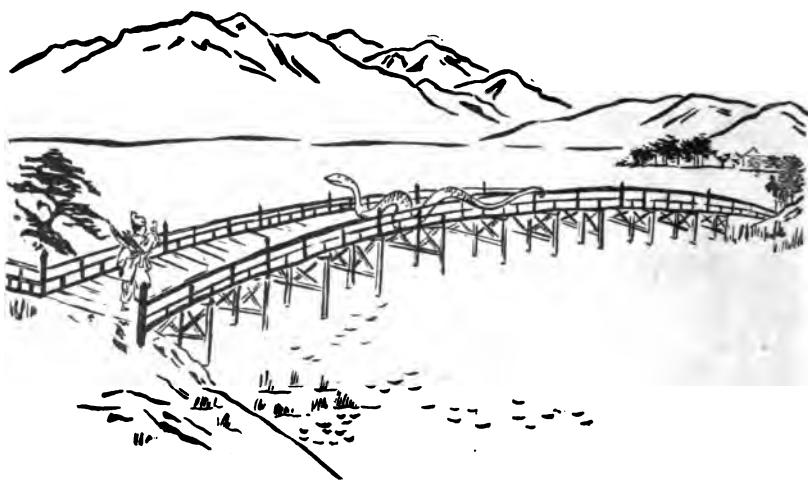
One day, when he had sallied forth to seek adventures, he came to an immensely long bridge spanning a river just at the place where it flowed out of a fine lake.

When he set foot on this bridge, he saw that a serpent, twenty feet long, was lying there basking in the sun, in such a way that he could not cross the bridge without treading on it.

Most men would have taken to their heels at so frightful a sight. But My Lord Bag-o'-Rice was not to be daunted. He simply walked right ahead, squash, scrunch, over the serpent's body.

Instantly the serpent turned into a tiny dwarf,

who, humbly bowing the knee, and knocking the planks of the bridge three times with his head in token of respect, said: "My lord, you are a man,



you are! For many a weary day have I lain here waiting for one who should avenge me on my enemy. But all who saw me were cowards and ran away.

"You will avenge me, will you not? I live at the bottom of this lake, and my enemy is a centipede who dwells at the top of yonder mountain. Come along with me, I beseech you. If you help me not, I am undone."

The warrior was delighted at having found such an adventure as this. He willingly followed the dwarf to his summer-house beneath the waters of the lake. It was all curiously built of coral and metal sprays in the shape of sea-weed and other water-plants, with fresh-water crabs as big as men, and water-monkeys, and newts, and tadpoles, as servants and body-guards.

When they had rested a while, dinner was brought in on trays shaped like the leaves of water-lilies. The dishes were water-cress leaves—not real ones, but much more beautiful than real ones; for they were of water-green porcelain with a shimmer of gold; and the chopsticks were of beautiful petrified wood like black ivory. As for the wine in the cups, it looked like water; but, as it tasted all right, what did its looks signify?

Well, there they were, feasting and singing; and the dwarf had just pledged the warrior in a goblet of hot steaming wine, when thud! thud! thud! like the tramp of an army, the fearful monster of whom the dwarf had spoken, was heard approaching.

It sounded as if a continent were in motion;

and on either side there seemed to be a row of a thousand men with lanterns. But the warrior was able to make out, as the danger drew nearer, that all the noise was made by a single creature, an enormous centipede over a mile long; and that what had seemed like men with lanterns on either side of it, were, in reality, its own feet, of which it had exactly one thousand on each side of its body, all of them glistening and glinting with the sticky poison that oozed out of every pore.



There was no time to be lost. The centipede was already halfway down the mountain. So the warrior snatched up his bow—a bow so big and heavy that it would have taken five ordinary men to

pull it—fitted an arrow into the bow-notch, and pulled! He was not one ever to miss his aim. The arrow struck right in the middle of the monster's forehead. But alas! it rebounded as if that forehead had been made of brass.

A second time did the warrior take his bow and shoot. A second time did the arrow strike and rebound; and now the dreadful creature was down to the water's edge, and would soon pollute the lake with its filthy poison.

Said the warrior to himself: "Nothing kills centipedes so surely as human spittle." And with these words, he spat on the top of the only arrow that remained to him, for there had been but three in his quiver.

This time, again, the arrow hit the centipede right in the middle of its forehead. But, instead of rebounding, it went right in and came out again at the back of the creature's head, so that the centipede fell down dead, shaking the whole country-side like an earth-quake, with the poisonous light on its two thousand feet darkening to a dull glare like that of the twilight of a stormy day.

Then the warrior found himself wafted back to his own castle; and round him stood a row of presents, on each of which were inscribed the words, "From your grateful dwarf."

One of these presents was a large bronze bell, which the warrior, who was a religious man as well as a brave one, hung up in the temple that contained the tombs of his ancestors. The second was a sword, which enabled him ever after to gain the victory over all his enemies. The third was a suit of armor which no arrow could penetrate. The fourth was a roll of silk, which never grew smaller, though he cut off large pieces, from time to time, to make himself a new court dress. The fifth was a bag of rice, which, though he took from it, day after day, for meals for himself, his family and his trusty retainers, never got exhausted as long as he lived.

And it was from this fifth and last present that he took his name and title of "My Lord Bag-o'-Rice"; for all the people thought that there was nothing stranger in the whole world than this wonderful bag, which made its owner such a rich and happy man.

## GRANDMOTHER'S QUESTIONS.



Can you put the spider's web back in its place,  
That once has been swept away?

Can you put the apple again on the bough,  
Which fell at your feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,  
And cause it to live and grow?

Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,  
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,  
Or the grape again on the vine?

Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,  
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose?  
If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flour again in the husk,  
And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,  
Or the broken egg in its shell?

Can you put the honey back in the comb,  
And cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase,  
When once it has sped away?

Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,  
Or the down on the catkins — say?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear?  
Let me ask you another one:  
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,  
Or a deed unkind, undone?

— *Kate Lawrence.*

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## THE MUSICIANS.

"You have been a faithful servant for many a long year," said the farmer to his donkey. "For twenty long years you have carried the meal-bags back and forth from the mill, without a word of discontent. You have helped me haul my wood in the winter, you have helped me plant in the spring, you have helped me harvest in the autumn. But now, you are growing very old. I shall be forced to kill you or send you away; for I must have a new, young donkey; and I cannot afford to feed you both."

"Alas!" brayed the donkey, "that is all the thanks a donkey gets for faithful service. In my next life, I've half a mind to kick and bite and—but never mind the next life just now. I must think how to save this one a while longer. My master seems to think my life is of little value, and may be

*Bonheur.*

taken from me whenever it suits his convenience. But my life is as valuable to me as his life is to him, I'd have him know.

"Let me see! I think I'll run away. Now, I have a fine voice for singing. It must be; for whenever I sing, people always laugh. And that shows they are pleased.

"So I'll go to the city of Bremen. People know good music in that city; and will pay well for it—so I've heard."

So away the donkey set out, as soon as ever the darkness had fallen, over the hills, to Bremen.

He had not gone far, when he found, lying by the roadside, a large dog. The dog had been running hard; and there he lay gasping for breath.

"What is the matter?" brayed the donkey. "You have nearly run the breath out of your body!"

"Matter enough," barked the dog. "For fifteen years have I faithfully watched the sheep-fold and the hen-roost, and kept the wolves and the foxes away. Now, because I am old and my teeth are gone, my master says he will kill me. He must

have a younger dog, and he cannot afford to feed us both."

"Alas!" brayed the donkey; "masters are all alike. That is just what my master said of me. So I am escaping now to Bremen. Come with me, and let us be musicians together."

So the donkey and the dog set out, over the hills, to Bremen.

They had gone only a few miles, when they met a cat by the roadside, with a face as cross as three sticks, and as black as three rainy days.

"What is the matter?" brayed the donkey. "You look as if you were angry at the whole world!"

"Indeed, I am angry!" snarled the cat. "For nine years have I protected the pantry and the corn-chamber. Now, because I am getting old, and my teeth are worn out, and I prefer to sit by the fire rather than hunt about after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me; and so I ran away. She must have a younger cat; and she cannot afford to feed us both."

"Masters and mistresses are all alike," brayed

the donkey. "That is just what our masters said to us; so we are escaping to Bremen. Come with us, and let us be musicians together."

So the donkey, and the dog, and the cat set out, over the hills, to Bremen.

Soon they came to a farm-yard. There stood an old cock-a-doodle, his head hanging down, his feathers all out of place; his very comb drooping over one eye.

"What is the matter?" brayed the donkey. "You look as if you hadn't a friend on earth."

"And so I have not," crowed old red-comb. "For guests are coming for Sunday, and the house-wife has told the cook that she would like to eat me in the soup to-morrow; and this evening I must have my head cut off. For three whole years have I protected this farm-yard, and dug worms for all the baby chickens; and there is all the thanks I get for it. My mistress says she must have a younger red-comb; and she cannot afford to feed us both."

"Masters and mistresses are all alike," brayed the donkey. "That is just what our masters and mistresses said to us. So we are escaping to

Bremen. Come with us, and let us all be musicians together."

So the donkey, and the dog, and the cat, and red-comb set out, over the hills, to Bremen.

Now, it was a long way to Bremen; and the road led through a deep forest. Here they must pass the night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree, while the cat and red-comb settled themselves in the branches; but red-comb flew right to the top, where he was most safe.

Before red-comb shut his eyes to sleep, he stared around in all directions. Down among the trees, afar off, he thought he saw a light.

"Friends," crowed red-comb, "I see a house yonder."

"Let us go to it at once," brayed the donkey. "I, for one, am not used to lying on the cold ground."

So the donkey, and the dog, and the cat, and red-comb made their way to the house.

"I am the tallest. Let me look in at the window," brayed the donkey.

"What do you see, Gray-coat?" asked red-comb.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "a table laid out with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves."

"That would be the sort of thing for us," said red-comb.

"Yes, yes; ah, I wish we were there," said the donkey.

Then the animals took counsel together how they should manage to drive away the robbers. At last they thought of a plan.

"I," said the donkey, "will put my fore feet upon the ledge of the window. The dog shall take his place upon my back; the cat shall take her place upon the dog's back; and red-comb shall take his place upon the cat's back. When we are ready, we will all sing as loud as ever we can to frighten the robbers away."

When this was done, at a given signal, they began their music: the donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the red-comb crowed; then they burst through the window into the room.

How the glass clattered! Terrified at this horrible din, the robbers sprang up, thinking nothing less than a band of fiends had broken in upon them. And, without one look behind them, they fled into the forest.

“Now for a feast!” brayed the donkey.

And a feast it was; for four hungrier creatures you never saw than were the donkey, the dog, the cat, and red-comb.

When they could not eat another morsel, they put out the lights in the house, and each sought for himself a sleeping place, according to his nature, and to what suited him best.

The donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the dog behind the door, the cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and red-comb perched himself upon a beam of the roof; and, being tired with their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house, and that all seemed quiet, the captain said, “We ought not to have been frightened so out of our wits.” Let us go back and finish our supper and go to bed.”

So one of the robbers was sent ahead to see if all was as quiet as it seemed.

Very softly the robber crept up to the house, and peeped in at the window. Then he slowly pushed open the door.

"How foolish we were," thought the robber. "There is nothing—" but before he could even finish his thought, out brayed the donkey, close upon the robber's ear. The dog seized him by the leg; the cat clawed him in the hand; the red-comb rushed down upon his head.

"Bray, bray! Bow-wow! Yaow, yaow! Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!"

"Oh, what a noise! Help! help!" screamed the robber. And away he ran back to his fellow-robbers, falling at their feet dead with fright.

Do you think the robbers ever ventured near that house again?

No, no! never! never! So the musicians were left in peace in their new home in the deep forest—the only place on earth, in fact, where musicians of their kind should be allowed to dwell.

— *Grimm's Fairy Tales (Adapted).*

## THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls,  
 And snowy summits old in story,  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying !  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark ! oh, hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
 Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying :  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill, or field, or river ;  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— Tennyson.

### SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

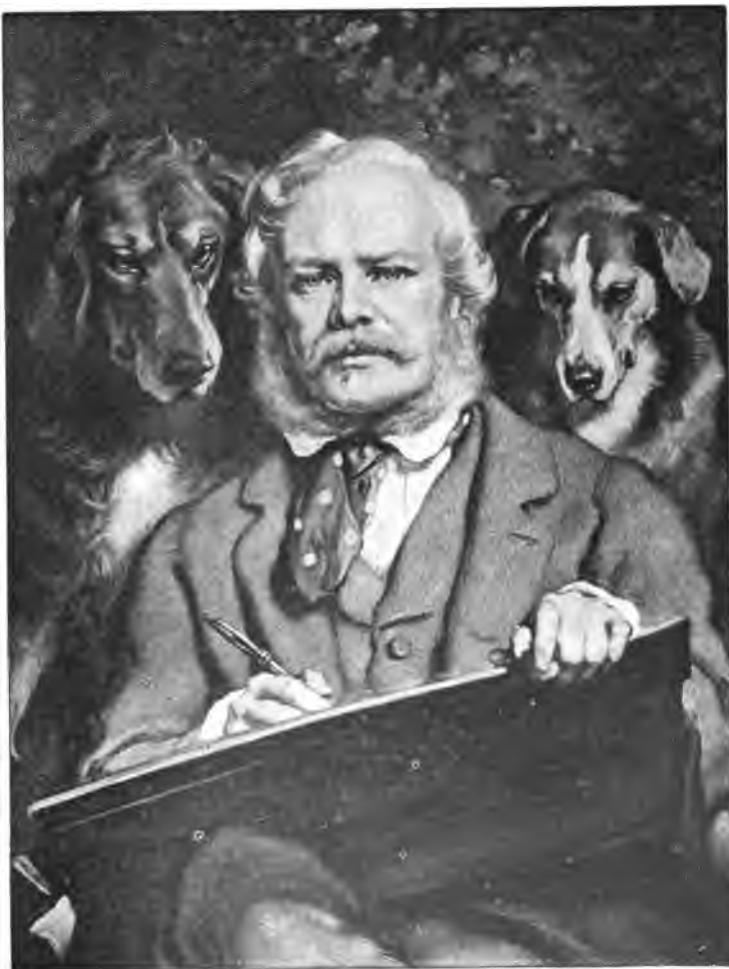
Edwin Landseer was born at London, in the year 1802, and, almost from babyhood, a pencil was his chief delight.

When he was a little boy, he often asked his mother to draw something for him to copy, and she would take a pencil, and make a sketch of an old shoe or a currant pudding.

Then the little artist amused himself by drawing a shoe for father, mother, big brother Thomas, brother Charles, and others; and after a good pudding had been made for each, he wished for something different to sketch.

Little Edwin's father was an engraver and an art critic. He knew a great deal about beautiful pictures, and wrote many good things about art.

He was so glad that Edwin liked to draw, that he took the little boy's chubby hand in his own, and led him out to the fields, called Hampstead Heath, which was not far from their home. Then he said to his little son, "Look at this beautiful bird, and think of others; look at this little dog, and compare him with others; think how many



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

*Landseer.*

beautiful things there are out here, and try to copy them just as God has made them; copy all you can."

He told his boy that Nature was his best school, and added, "Your own eyes are the best of all teachers."

So the boy began to look closely at all the beautiful things on Hampstead Heath. He liked best to watch the big and little dogs playing with the children. Then there were always some big horses and old donkeys feeding about on the grass. These, also, pleased the child.

Sometimes, the elder sister came out with the three Landseer boys; for she, too, liked the fresh air and the merry romps.

She liked best of all, however, to sit down by Edwin's side and watch the pencil, as his baby hand guided it. Very soon she would see that he was drawing a dog, a horse, or a donkey. "How good it is!" she would exclaim. "What a famous little artist you are!"

Many years later, one old guide at the South Kensington Museum, would point, with great pride,

to a drawing of a donkey's head, and say, "This 'ere is Sir Edwin Landseer's, and done when he was only a *leetle* boy, a very *leetle* boy." Sure enough, the little lead pencil drawing is marked, "E. Landseer, five years old."

"Look at this dog, too! Why, he was only six years old when he drew that dog!" he would say again; and, indeed, it is a very fine dog—a little pointer.

Edwin often watched his father at his work, and wished he, too, might engrave a plate; and, in fact, he was only eight years old when he engraved a plate of etchings. An etching is an impression on paper of some picture etched or cut on a plate of copper or steel.

It is not easy to engrave a plate, but Landseer did his work very well. There were heads of sheep, dogs, lions, and tigers. In 1812, when he was ten years old, he began to etch not only heads of animals, but whole groups. One plate would be a group of dogs, another of cows, and a third one of sheep.

He was never happier than when seated, with a pencil, drawing some animal. He loved them all,

and they seemed to know it, for they always trusted and loved him.

All who saw his sketches were surprised. "Many old artists can do no better," people would say. But the boy was not spoiled by their praise, although he was always pleased when they liked his work; for were not his pictures all his own?

He had thought, planned, and painted them all himself. He never copied his pictures from those of others; they were his very own—made from life.

One of his first oil paintings was a portrait of his sister, a little baby girl toddling about, in a big bonnet. It was a queer little picture, but it was very much like her.

When Landseer was thirteen years old, he began to have lessons with Mr. Benjamin Haydon. This famous artist at once gave the boy parts of a lion to study, and said, "If you wish to paint animals well, you must know how they are made."

Landseer was always fond of studying and painting lions. Sometimes his picture was that of a prowling lion, again it was a fierce and roaring lion, a sleeping lion, or one suddenly disturbed. Through-

out his life, he would always make an effort to see a lion. He wished for the body of every lion that died in London that he might study it.

When but fourteen, he entered the Royal Academy of England, in the city of London. Here great artists studied and brought their designs, paintings, and sculptures, and here he met the most famous of artists.

Edwin was very happy studying and painting at the Academy schools. He spent most of his time now studying animals and painting pictures of them.

Few places were more attractive to the boy than the London Zoölogical Gardens. They are the finest of the kind in the world. There was, also, a great market in London where many foreign animals were to be seen. And there, too, Landseer was glad to go to study the beasts.

He loved dogs best of all, and often when walking there would be a troop of big dogs and little dogs following him, leaping about him, bounding up on him, and licking his hands out of love for the young artist who was their friend.

When Landseer was about fifteen, he painted a

wonderful picture of fighting dogs, which was exhibited at the Spring Gardens Exposition. Everybody admired it, and a gentleman, Sir George Beaumont, bought the picture. This was the boy's first real success, and, a long time after this, in 1867, Landseer wrote: "My first picture of any importance was entitled '*Fighting Dogs Getting Wind*,' exhibited at Spring Gardens. I was then just born into my teens."

Every one who had a favorite horse or dog wished Landseer to paint it. Sometimes so many animals were engaged to be painted that a poor little dog would have to wait several weeks, and sometimes months, before could he have his picture painted.

One lady, who was looking at Landseer's paintings, said, "Ah, he does paint the very *soul* of these good dogs." The animals always looked alive, and seemed to be actually moving.

Every new picture was better than the last. When, at eighteen, he painted "*The Dogs of St. Gotthard Discovering a Traveler in the Snow*," every one was astonished.

Landseer's father was so delighted with this painting that he engraved it for his son. Every one wanted a print, and this became the most popular picture of the day. In little rude parlors of the hard-working poor, and in great, superb drawing-rooms of the rich, this little picture was seen.

People felt better for looking at Landseer's paintings. They could understand them because they were so simple and beautiful.

After a time, the young artist had so many pictures, and wanted to keep so many dogs, sheep, deer, and goats; and, most of all, because he had grown so famous, it seemed quite necessary that he should have a house and studio for himself.

This new home seemed almost like a country place. An old barn was made over into a studio, and the place was all very pretty, with its garden, where sweet violets blossomed at just the right time every year; where the dogs could play as they pleased, and where everybody was happy and contented.

His new home he called "Maida Vale," in honor of Sir Walter Scott's favorite dog. Here he lived with his sister, and entertained more famous

people than any other British artist, except Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was the first president of the Royal Academy.

Everybody wanted to visit the studio of the great animal painter; and, no wonder, for it was a charming place. Pictures, hanging and standing, crowded each other in this studio. Many were life size, and all of them looked as if they were alive.

Every one wondered how Landseer could paint the fur of the bears to look so thick and warm, the hair of the dogs to appear so rough and shaggy, the breast of the pheasants to show such iridescent colorings, and the fur of the cats to look as if it would sparkle if rubbed. It was all very wonderful, indeed.

While the people wondered at all these things, they were also astonished at Landseer's great power in training dogs, and their love for him.

Once, when a great many people were at Maida Vale, a door was suddenly opened, and into the room bounded four great dogs. One was very large, strong, and somewhat ugly looking. Some of the ladies were afraid of this dog, but he immediately

went to Landseer, and seemed as delighted as if he had met a dear old friend.

Some one said, "How fond of you this dog is!" Mr. Landseer quietly answered, "Yes; but I never saw this dog before in my life."

"How is it that you have such power over dogs? Why is it they all love you, and how do you gain their love?" were the questions asked by a lady. Landseer smiled, and said, "By peeping into their hearts, Madam."

Once Landseer came in from the meadowland looking tired. "What have you been doing?" was asked.

"I've been teaching the horses some tricks," was his reply.

"But you have no whip!" said one.

"O yes; here is my whip," replied Landseer, and he showed his guest a lump of sugar. He said that the usual way of breaking in horses sometimes meant breaking their hearts.

About this time, Sir Walter Scott came to London. He was now about fifty years old, and very famous. He had seen Landseer's painting of

the "*Cat's Paw*," and was so pleased with it that he sought out young Landseer.

Sir Walter was delighted with the young artist. He, too, loved dogs, and was charmed with the beautiful pictures he saw. Once he wrote in his journal: "Landseer's dogs are the most magnificent things I ever saw: leaping, and bounding, and grinning all over the canvas."

Landseer, on his part, was never tired of reading Scott's novels. He often kept one under his pillow to read when he could not sleep. Shakespeare and Dickens were others of his favorite writers. The friendship between the famous writer and the famous artist lasted until the death of Sir Walter Scott, in 1832.

Landseer, in 1826, decided to visit the Highlands of Scotland; and then he first saw the brave people and the wild scenery of the "North Countrie." He liked the people because they were strong and fearless, yet tender and true.

Almost every day the artist was seen with his sketch book, drawing a deer—and who ever painted deer like Landseer! He liked to climb the rough



A DEER FAMILY

*Landsseer.*

mountain-sides, and watch the shy, beautiful creatures as they bounded off behind the misty veils.

It has been said that "No one ever painted a lion, a dog, or a monkey as well as he; and no one ever approached him in painting a deer."

At thirty he became a full member of the Royal Academy, and had astonished the whole world with his wonderful pictures. Every year, at the great exhibitions, Landseer's animals were much talked about by all, even the old artists joining in the praise.

Queen Victoria was always interested in Landseer's paintings, and he was the first artist to be received by her as a friend. She admired both his character and his work. Many times she invited him to be her guest, and always made him feel that she was truly his friend.

Many beautiful gifts came to him from Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and at different times, for thirty years, he painted many pictures of her, and also of various members of the royal family, and their favorite pets.

Landseer was usually very witty and gay. Few men could tell more delightful stories, or sing a

merrier song. Persons inviting others to a gathering would say, "Now, I know you'll come, for Landseer will be there." One noted man said of him, "He is the most charming companion in the world."

He met many famous people in these days, and was very fond of telling how he was introduced to the King of Portugal. It all happened at a great court ball.

When this King learned that Landseer, the great animal painter, was there, he said, "I wish to see him," and Landseer was presented. The King said, "Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance; I am so fond of beasts!"

Landseer always laughed when he told this, and said it was "a very left-handed compliment."

In 1850, the Queen honored him by making him a knight, and thereafter he was known as Sir Edwin Landseer.

For a great many years, a knight was a great soldier who would fight for the king, and do many daring and heroic deeds; but, finally, if a man gave valuable service to the crown or to the people, he was knighted. Now, a great writer, lawyer, artist,

actor, or citizen may become a knight, the same as a great soldier.

Soon after Landseer became a knight, he sent some of his works to a great exhibition in Paris, and was awarded the only great gold medal given to an English artist.

All of these praises, prizes, and medals, however, could not spoil him. Once, when people were praising a painting of his, he modestly said, "Ah! if you could see the picture with my eyes, you wouldn't say so many pretty things about it."

Nevertheless, every one knew his skill was marvelous. With pencil or brush, there seemed no animal that Landseer could not draw true to the life.

One time some people were talking about drawing, and some one declared it impossible to draw two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not admit the truth of this statement, and immediately took two pencils, and with one hand drew the head of a stag; while, with the other hand, at the same time, he drew the head of a horse.

He could draw very rapidly, too. There hung

in the British Gallery, a little rabbit picture, "painted in three quarters of an hour"; and there are, also, two little King Charles spaniels in the South Kensington Museum, life size, with silken hair and gleaming eyes. These were painted in two days.

Again, in two hours, he painted a great dog, holding a rabbit in his mouth, and at another time a life-size picture of the head and body of a deer was painted in less than three hours.

In 1866, Landseer was elected president of the Royal Academy. This was a great honor, but it was declined. It was during the years following this that he worked less frequently, talked about his "worn out, old pencil," and his letters to his friends grew sad, for in them he would say, "Drawing tires me."

It was a trial for him to give up painting his great works, and do what he called "child's play with the brush"; but in spite of sadness and failing health, he painted four pictures during his last year.

He died October 1, 1873, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Among Landseer's pictures, there are many that will never be forgotten. One of these is called "*There's Life in the Old Dog Yet.*" Another, called "*Odin,*" is the magnificent head of a mastiff-blood-hound. Landseer painted this, life size, in twelve hours. The face is so strong, intelligent, and life-like that it seems as if the dog might spring from the canvas and bound away.

"*The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner*" is another beautiful picture. It shows the faithful shepherd's dog. His master is dead. The dog does not know what the awful silence means. The most perfect love, fidelity, and grief are seen in the face of this dog mourner, as he silently watches by the coffin, wondering that his master takes no notice.

These are only a few of the many great paintings done by Sir Edwin Landseer, but these, alone, would keep him in loving remembrance. Add to these his paintings of other animals, especially those of deer and of lions, and who can, for one moment, doubt that he was one of the greatest animal painters the world has ever seen?

— *Ella M. Powers (Adapted).*

## AMERICA.



My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
    Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
    Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble free,  
     Thy name I love :  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills ;  
 My heart with rapture thrills,  
     Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees,  
     Sweet freedom's song :  
 Let mortal tongues awake ;  
 Let all that breathe partake ;  
 Let rocks their silence break —  
     The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
     To Thee we sing :  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light :  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
     Great God, our King.

## THE APPLE OF DISCORD.



JUPITER.

*Raphael.*

In the early days of the world, people believed not in one God, but in many, many gods and goddesses.

There were gods—or goddesses—for the hours, for the days and for the months; for spring, summer, autumn and winter; for birth and for death; for love and for hate; for everything, good and bad, in earth and in heaven.

\* See preface.

Some of these were loved and some were disliked and feared; and among those that were disliked and feared was Discordia.

Discordia was disliked because her looks were very disagreeable, and her manners still more so. But the most disagreeable thing about her was her jealous temper, that led her to stir up strife and trouble wherever she went. All this was so well known that no one in heaven or on earth really liked her.

In this far-off time, a great wedding feast was made, to which all the gods and goddesses were invited except Discordia.

"We will not invite her," said the hosts. "Her disagreeable looks and manners would spoil the comfort of the wedding guests."

Now, this was the most magnificent feast ever given, and you may be sure that Discordia's jealous temper flamed up at the slight put upon her. "I shall have my revenge," said she. "All the world shall see that Discordia is not the only jealous one. I shall have my revenge!"

Filled with anger and hate, she took a golden

apple and engraved upon it these words: "For the most beautiful one."

That done, she threw the apple among the guests at the wedding feast. Then she stood outside among the shadows and waited. "Discordia is not the only jealous one," she said again.



JUNO.

There were many, many guests present. The greatest were Jupiter, king of heaven; Juno, queen of heaven; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; and Venus, the goddess of love.

When the words engraved upon the golden apple were read, a great strife at once arose among the goddesses.



— MINERVA.

Juno, Minerva, and Venus, each claimed the apple for herself. Some of the guests favored Juno;

some favored Minerva; and some favored Venus. The uproar grew worse every moment, and, at last, the happy wedding feast broke up in such discord as was never known before.



VENUS.

All this time, a dark figure, outside among the dark shadows, looked on and enjoyed it all. "Discordia, even outside, is powerful. Revenge is sweet," muttered this evil goddess to herself.

The case was left to Jupiter; but he was far too wise to decide the matter, and sent the three angry



PARIS.

goddesses off to Mount Ida, to find a young shepherd named Paris. "Tell Paris the story and let him decide the case," said he.

When they reached Mount Ida, Juno promised the shepherd power and riches if he would decide in her favor; Minerva promised him great glory in war; and Venus promised him the most beautiful woman on earth for his wife.

Paris was young, and, at last, decided that Venus should have the golden apple.

This made Minerva and Juno so angry that they stirred the whole earth to strife.

From this beginning, a war was brought on, in which all the gods and the goddesses, all the great heroes, and all the warriors of two great nations took part.

It was so long and so bloody, that people talk about it even to this day. In short, it was the famous Trojan war!

And so the evil Discordia, through the aid of that one small golden apple, had her revenge. It is well called the apple of discord!

Truly: “Wrath is cruel and anger is outrageous; but he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

## MEMORY GEMS.

Love all; trust a few; do wrong to none.

— *Shakespeare.*

If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it.

— *Emerson.*

Under the snow-drifts the blossoms are sleeping,  
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June.

— *Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

Too much rest is rust.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

— *Carlyle.*

“God gives us all some small, sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.”

To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.

— *Proverbs of Solomon.*

What must of necessity be done, you can always find out how to do.

— *Ruskin.*

It is easier to conquer bad habits to-day than  
to-morrow.

---

— *Confucius.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the  
best day of the year.

---

— *Emerson.*

Little said is soonest mended.

---

— *G. Wither.*

Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

---

— *Shakespeare.*

They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

---

— *James Russell Lowell.*

Heaven holds all for which you sigh.

---

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

“A good deed is never lost; he who sows  
courtesy reaps friendship; he who plants kindness  
gathers love.”

---

“The heroes are not all six feet tall,  
Large souls may dwell in bodies small.”

---

He who does something to make his country  
better, is the real patriot.

— *Eggleson.*

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Prayer of Canon Wilberforce.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs

I do not pray:

Help me from stain of sin

Just for to-day;

Let me both diligently work

And duly pray,

Let me be kind in deed and word,

Just for to-day;

Let me be slow to do my will,

Prompt to obey;

Help me to sacrifice myself,

Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong nor idle word

Unthinking say,

Set thou thy seal upon my lips,

Just for to-day.

So, for the morrow and its needs,

I do not pray;

But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,

Just for to-day.

— Selected.

## PROPER NAMES AND NOTES.

P. 18. Mān'itōu. The Great Spirit. Indian name for God.

P. 57. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Have pupils see pictures of Longfellow's birthplace and of his home at Cambridge; also, pictures of friends named on page 59.

P. 59. Read selections named on this page to the class.

P. 60. Mōn dā'min. This word means "the grain of the Great Spirit." There is an Indian legend that tells us that the maize or Indian corn was sent as a gift to man by the Great Spirit, first coming to earth in the form of a handsome young man, as the poem describes.

P. 61. Kah īah īē'. The raven.

P. 62. No kō'mis. Grandmother of Hiawatha, who made a home for her orphaned grandson, whose mother died at his birth.

I'a'goo. (ē ī' goo). Friend of Nokomis and Hiawatha. A great boaster and teller of wonderful tales.

P. 69. Hēn'drick. Noted Indian chief. Buried near Lake George.

P. 72. Kai'ser blu'men. Literally, "Emperor's flowers." The flower referred to is the common blue cornflower of Germany, made the national flower of that country by "Kaiser Wilhelm," with whom it was a favorite. It is much like the "bachelor's button" of the United States.

P. 98. Eugene Field. Show pictures of home and family. See "Eugene Field in his Home," by Mrs. Ida C. Below. Have pupils read poems named in this sketch and many others; also, some of his prose tales.

P. 111. Sieg'fried. (Sēeg' frēēd). The hero of many Scandinavian and German legends, particularly of the German epic called "the Niebelungenlied." A supposed prince of Niderland, on the lower Rhine.

Brun'hill'de. A beautiful messenger sent by Odin to watch over battle fields to convey the spirits of dead warriors to Asgard, the heaven of heroes. She is called "the maiden of Spring," and the myth signifies the waking of the earth from its winter's sleep. This same legend is told in many countries with slight variations. Same as "The Sleeping Beauty."

Grip'ir. A terrible giant.

Norns. The Fates. Three weird sisters who presided over birth, duration of life, and over death.

P. 112. Grey'fell. Siegfried's horse; the word means "Shining Hope."

O'din. The chief god in Scandinavian mythology. Same as the German Woden. He was the god of wisdom and the patron of heroes.

As'gard. The heaven of heroes. Norse mythology.

P. 113. *I' sen stein.* (*I' zen stine*). Supposed to be somewhere on the lower Rhine.

Thorn of sleep. A figurative expression. Deep sleep.

P. 114. *Brag'i.* (*Brág' ē.*) A son of Odin. The Norse god of poetry who accompanied Siegfried as a harper.

P. 128. *Müd jē kee' wis.* Ruler of the winds, afterward called *Kabeyun*.

*Kā' bē yín.* The West Wind.

*Wā' bün.* The East Wind.

P. 129. *Shā wōn dā' sēe.* The South Wind.

*Kā bī bō nök' kā.* The North Wind.

*Wā' bās' sō.* The white rabbit.

P. 130. *O pē' chee.* The robin.

*O wāis' sā.* The bluebird.

*Shaw' shaw.* The swallow.

*Wā' wa.* The wild goose.

Indian Summer. A few days of warm, beautiful weather, coming, usually, either in last part of October or early in November. Time varies somewhat.

Moon of Snow-shoes. November.

P. 131. *Ith' a-cá.* One of the islands belonging to Greece, 14 miles long. Supposed home of Ulysses.

*U lýs' sēs.* King of Ithaca. One of the Greek heroes of the Trojan war. Also called *O dýs' sē us*.

P. 132. *Troy.* City in northwestern part of Asia Minor. The same as *Ilium*.

P. 133. *Eū mæ' us.* (*Ū mē' ūs.*) Swineherd, devoted to *Ulysses*.

*Ar' gus.* *Ulysses'* favorite dog.

P. 158. Sir Edwin Landseer. Show pupils as many of Landseer's pictures as possible. See pp. 32, 131, 159, 169. Inexpensive copies of others may be easily obtained. Try to get all that are mentioned in lesson, at least.

P. 178. *Dis cōr' di á.* Also called *Eris*. The goddess of dissension and strife.

P. 179. *Jū' pi ter.* Chief god of the Romans. Also known as *Jove* and *Zeus*. *Jū' no.* Jupiter's wife, queen of heaven. Also known as *Hera*.

*Mi ner' vā.* Goddess of wisdom. Also known as *Athene* and *Pallas*.

*Vē' nus.* Goddess of love. *Aphrodite*.

P. 182. Mount Ida. Mountain range of Crete, 8,000 feet high.

*Pär' is.* Shepherd of Mount Ida. Really, son of *Priam*, King of Troy.

P. 183. Trojan War. War between Greeks and Trojans, lasting ten years. Caused by Paris carrying off Helen, wife of Menelaus. Date uncertain, probably about 1300 B. C.







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